

THE MARDI-GRAS BALL ILLUSTRATED—READ THE STRANGE STORY FROM MANILA.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE DREADFUL STEAMER DISASTER OFF THE GOLDEN GATE.

THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP "RIO DE JANEIRO" STRIKES A HIDDEN ROCK ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY, AND SINKS WITH A LOSS OF OVER A HUNDRED LIVES.—DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY FRANK H. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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How Far Can Vice in Our Cities Be Suppressed?

(Contributed Article to Leslie's Weekly.)



BISHOP DOANE, OF ALBANY.

DEALING with vice by legal enactment or police enforcement is perhaps the most difficult problem in legislation or in government. The word suppression, as used in the title of this paper, is the right word in more ways than one.

The enthusiasts who seek to eradicate vice are face to face not only with the puzzle of the permitted existence of evil in the world, but with the problem of God's recognition of its existence, which He deals with only by warnings and prohibitions and offers of personal help. Of course behind everything are the appeals to conscience and the offers of the means of grace. Behind these is the gospel method of *hating*

the sin and *loving* the sinner; and behind this is the patience of God.

The two objects to be sought in any attempt to suppress vice have relation first to the vicious, to restore and reclaim them; and next, to the virtuous, to keep them from the contamination of contact, and from the danger of deterioration by familiarity with evil. And this latter is of extreme importance. The moral quarantine, the spiritual disinfection come really first in hopefulness and value.

And having this in view, much can be done by wise laws, well enforced, and more by the compulsion of enlightened sentiment. The open solicitation to sin in the streets, the brilliantly lighted saloons and gambling-hells and concert-halls, the permitted presence of drunkards and prostitutes in the streets—these are glaring instances which magistrates can deal with. And the greater criminals than these, the men in uniforms or the men in office, who take blood-money to protect such places and such people, need summary and severe punishment. What of the other sort, subtler and more seducing?

What of the rank vileness of an unprincipled press, which, in some newspapers and more books, advertises attractions to sin and protection from its consequences? What of the sugar-coated poison, which in lust-stories that are called "love-stories," and in degrading perversions of what is called art, insinuates itself into the unformed and unguided minds of boys and girls? What of the low demoralization of the cheap, spectacular melodrama, with its matinees, drawing in hosts of boys and girls day after day to inflame their imaginations and excite their passions?

What of the unbecoming excesses of so-called fashionable gatherings, where unsexed women throw aside all modesty of dress and manner, and where men, unmannered with drink, and with the "gentle" in their name all turned to rudeness, are permitted to be present and to have part in what goes on? These are not matters for the magistrates, but they need mastering all the same. Their dishonor is to the class of people that tolerate them, but their danger is much farther reaching, because, stamped with wealth and sealed with social position, the people count them leaders and, at their distance, imitate their ways. Surely the men and women who have standards of morals that include purity and modesty and decency can compel a public sentiment which will suppress these things for the protection of young people and the honor of society.

The other side of this is far more difficult to deal with. I do not believe that the extermination of the social evil is a possibility. The attempt to regulate it has the appearance of recognizing it, as though it deserved to come under the protection of law. I could never tolerate or advocate

(Continued on page 222.)

Our New Triple Alliance.

It is no mere coincidence that Russia, Japan, and the United States have been pursuing the same policy toward China. The efforts of President McKinley to unravel the tangle at Peking have from the first received the approval and support of Russia and Japan, and the constant insistence of the other Powers upon harsh measures and impossible demands has gradually forced these two Powers to join us in presenting a united front against the unjust and ill-advised policy of the others.

With us, Russia and Japan were most active in the relief of Peking, and with us they urged its evacuation and promptly withdrew the main body of their troops. With us they advised moderate demands and conciliatory treatment, and with us they abstained from participation in the bloody punitive expeditions that have prolonged the trouble and complicated its final settlement. They supported our proposal to transfer the negotiations from Peking to Washington or The Hague, and while they joined in making "irrevocable" demands against our wishes it was doubtless because they understood, better than we, the ease with which the Chinese would avoid them and the consequent immateriality of the use of the word "irrevocable."

They are supporting us now in our endeavor to lessen the enormous demands for indemnity and to secure the waiving of the demand for the execution of Prince Tuan and General Tung Fu-Siang. To take the head of the first is to taint the blood of the heir to the throne, and to demand that of the other is to expose the Emperor himself to the danger of assassination. That Russia and Japan should support us is really not surprising. Our unity of action is simply the cohesion of the three Powers which best understand the Asiatic character and which have the greatest direct interest in China's future.

Russia and Japan are in fact Asiatic Powers, and should be expected to have a better comprehension of the illogical point of view of the Chinese, while our right to lead in this Eastern question has been proved by the masterly knowledge of the problem displayed by our State Department and the success which has attended our diplomacy. The right of this new alliance to control in the settlement of the Chinese difficulty is apparent from the fact that its members are China's nearest neighbors.

Russia, with her enormous Chinese frontier to protect, is easily first in actual interest and danger from prolonged disturbance. Japan, in addition to being China's nearest naval neighbor, has large and growing commercial and industrial interests that have a claim to consideration ahead of those of Europe, while we, with our great manufacturing and agricultural interests, must have an "open door" to China's markets, and with Hawaii and the Philippines to protect, we dare not allow our supremacy in the Pacific to be threatened.

That the policy of this new triple alliance will ultimately prevail, and China receive justice, there can be no doubt, first, because our policy is right, and second, because there is no Power or combination of Powers that dare oppose it. Russia's navy is inferior only to those of Great Britain and France, while next to Russia in naval strength stand the United States and Japan, so the new triple alliance contains the third, fourth and fifth naval Powers of the world, a combination stronger than at first appears, for English and French fleets must be divided to protect many points, while Russia's Black Sea fleet and our Philippine fleet command the sea-way to the East, where Japan's entire navy is "at home."

In military strength, this combination is strong enough to overwhelm the rest of the world. It has been demonstrated by the recent fighting in China that there are no better fighting men on earth than the Americans and the Japanese, and when these are supported by Russia's standing army, the greatest in existence, who could stand against them? Russia alone has an arms bearing population of over 20,000,000, while the United States and Japan have 15,000,000 more, and these three together have one-half more than all the rest of the civilized world combined.

It is well for the rest of the world that this new alliance stands for peace, for moderate demands, and is opposed to "punitive expeditions," else there would be in prospect the settlement of some bloody scores.

A Nation of Inventors.

THE pre-eminence of the United States in the field of invention has been recognized by the world for many years. In 1900 there were 26,418 patents granted at Washington, all except about 2,600 of which were to residents of this country. The receipts of the Patent-office during the year exceeded its expenditures to the extent of \$91,000. There is a balance to the credit of the Patent-office of over \$5,000,000 in the Treasury at Washington. Not only has the United States granted far more patents than any other country in the past half-century and over, but this country has the only Patent-office which has receipts that meet its expenditures.

Some of America's inventions have had a decisive effect on the political history of the world. Many of them have altered the current of the world's social history. When Jay was negotiating his treaty with England in 1794 he appears not to have been aware that cotton would ever enter with any prominence into the list of the country's exports. The quantity of it which was exported at that time was trifling. The invention of the cotton-gin by the Yankee schoolmaster, Eli Whitney, in 1793, which Jay had not heard of when he went to Europe, and by which one person could prepare as much cotton for the market as 1,000 did before, changed all this. This invention sent the exportation of cotton up from practically the zero mark at that time to over 6,000,000 bales, or more than 2,800,000,000 pounds, in 1900. It has enabled the United States to produce three-fourths of all the cotton grown in the world, and at the same time it made negro labor so valuable that it stopped the decline of slavery, which was under way in Whitney's time all over the South, and ultimately led to a civil war which cost the lives of 1,000,000 men and an expenditure of several billions of dollars.

Fulton's Clermont on the Hudson in 1807 put steamboats on all the world's water-ways. John Stevens, Peter Cooper, Matthias Baldwin, and their successors put the United States im-

measurably in advance of all the other countries in the world in the extent of its railway mileage, and opened markets for American railway equipments, from the rails to locomotives, in every country on earth. McCormick's reaper has made the western part of the United States the granary for all the nations. Morse's telegraph, Cyrus W. Field's Atlantic cable, and Edison's and Bell's telephones revolutionized all the methods of transmitting intelligence. In still other fields electricity has been put into the service of man by Henry, Brush, Weston, Fuller, and numerous other Americans. Howe's sewing machine has lightened the labors of women and furnished them with employment denied them before. Hoe, with his printing-press, and Mergenthaler, with his type-setting machine, have extended the use of newspapers and books to a degree undreamed of a few decades ago, while the type-writer, also a strictly American device, has given remunerative occupation to millions of persons.

In the value of its aggregate exports the United States has now passed farther above the \$2,000,000,000 a year mark than has the United Kingdom, which until a few years ago led the world. That part of America's exports which is making the greatest gain is its manufactures, the products of its inventors.

The inventors have done more to improve the condition of the masses than have all the social philosophers, to elevate their political status than have all the statesmen, to lengthen and brighten their lives than have all the philanthropists.

The Plain Truth.

THE world has always held in deserved honor the man who makes every possible sacrifice, even to that of his own life, to shield a loved one from injury or disgrace. Every true man is always ready, if need be, to do a deed like that. But what shall be thought of that Tammany official, Maurice F. Holahan, who endeavors to shield himself from the charge of having been found in a gambling resort by the statement that he was in search of a wayward son? Whether the facts stated by Mr. Holahan to explain his presence in a gambling den were true or not, what excuse did it offer for him to drag into public view the skeleton from his own family closet and expose before the world the wickedness of his own child? Could any act of a father be more cowardly and contemptible?

Nothing could more surely and clearly indicate that the prevailing prosperity of the country is founded on a sound basis than the figures showing the large increase in the value of American farm products in recent years. According to a statement just issued by the Department of Agriculture, the farmers of the United States received \$185,206,172 more for their products in 1900 than they did in 1899. The greatest advances were observed in corn and hay, the advance in the price of the latter giving the farmers over \$33,000,000 more in 1900 for a crop of 50,000,000 tons than was received in 1899 for a crop of 56,655,756 tons. These figures help to explain why populism and other heresies of the kind have not flourished in recent years. These noxious weeds do not grow in sunny soil.

It is said that Mr. Andrew Carnegie will retire from active business life with an income of at least \$10,000,000 a year. A few comparisons may be helpful in an effort to realize what these figures mean. At the average rate of wages paid to the soldiers in our regular army Mr. Carnegie's yearly income would maintain a standing force of over 50,000 men. The average salary of clergymen in the leading Protestant denominations in this country is about \$400. The Pittsburg capitalist, therefore, will receive an annual income sufficient to pay the stipends of 25,000 pastors, a number greater than the entire ministerial force of the Presbyterian and the Methodist Episcopal denominations in this country. At the average per-capita cost of living in America ten millions of dollars would be sufficient to maintain a city of more than 75,000 population. It would pay what would be accounted a large salary (\$10,000) to 1,000 men, and a fairly good annual income to ten times that number. It would give about 3,000 young men or women a college education, and allow each one of them not less than \$1,000 besides for "a start in the world." Perhaps the \$10,000,000 in Mr. Carnegie's hands will do the world as much good ultimately as though it were divided up for some of these purposes, especially in view of the announced fact that he proposes to give away the most of it for public libraries.

In a recent issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY the publication of the photograph of a New York street musician of an eccentric type gave occasion for the statement that many of these street characters who make a pretense of some kind of employment are really professional beggars and worse. Their apparent occupation is only a thin disguise to save them from the operation of the vagrancy laws while they gather in the pennies of a sympathetic public. The death of several of these "beggars" in New York during the past year has disclosed the fact that each of them had a fat bank account. The latest case of the kind was that of a man named McGrath, who had posed as "a poor old blind man" on West-Side streets for years, and on the strength of this affliction and the music of a hurdy-gurdy had picked up a living. He was found dead in his miserable lodgings one morning as a result of cold and starvation, but in his possession were bank-books showing balances to his credit amounting to \$25,000, and it appeared that he owned valuable real estate besides. Still later than this was the case of a woman, apprehended by the New York police, whose chief capital in her trade of beggary were the sufferings of a little child that she carried about in her arms, and for whose support, with that of her own, she made a pitiable plea. It was discovered that the woman was a professional mendicant and an impostor, and that she used the helpless little one simply to attract attention and arouse sympathy. The fact was disclosed that the child had been pinched black and blue by the woman, and otherwise shamefully treated, in order to render it an object for pity and for alms. All of which goes to show the necessity of exercising discrimination even in the doing out of alms to "poor old blind" men and women with children in their arms. Fraud and imposture flourish on impulsive and unthinking charity, while too often the really worthy and suffering poor are overlooked.

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PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—To those who have spent a summer in Havana, and to those who have studied the present and future commercial relations between the United States and Cuba, the question of the yellow-fever scourge, which is an annual visitor to the capital of the island, has suggested a very great problem for solution. With the advent of Americans in Cuba, and the great increase of non-immune immigration from the Canary Islands, the problem grew as did also the mortality. The sanitary condition of the city was far from satisfactory, and an alarming epidemic was imminent when Major W. C. Gorgas, Surgeon U. S. A., was appointed



MAJOR WILLIAM C. GORGAS, WHO IS MAKING HAVANA HEALTHY.

chief sanitary officer of Havana. To cope with the situation required all the qualities of the soldier, scientist, and executive, and judging from the result as presented by the city of Havana to-day it is natural to conclude that Major Gorgas possessed them all. There are few cities the size of Havana in the Western hemisphere, and none in the tropics, which can boast of so favorable a report as that just presented to the military Governor by the chief sanitary officer. Yellow fever has almost entirely disappeared, while a death from it is a rare occurrence. Thus it would seem that the efficiency of the sanitary department under the direction of Major Gorgas has practically solved a question which for years has been a most serious one for the scientists as well as for the people of the South Atlantic and Gulf States.

—An act quite unprecedented in the annals of philanthropy is that of the Hon. James R. Howe, register of Kings County, in the borough of Brooklyn.



HON. JAMES R. HOWE, THE BROOKLYN OFFICIAL WHO HAS DONATED HIS OFFICE FEES FOR A STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

pass the square, and also those who come to our land from foreign shores. He has selected a committee of prominent Brooklyn citizens, including Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff, St. Clair McKelway, ex-Mayor Schieren, and the Hon. William Borah, to carry out the project, and all future details will be left in their hands. Last year Mr. Howe gave \$8,000 out of his office fees to a Brooklyn hospital.

—The man to whom belongs the honor of first introducing a bill in Congress providing for the holding of a world's fair in St. Louis in 1903, to commemorate the centennial of the purchase of Louisiana from France, is Hon. Richard Bartholdt, of the Tenth Congressional District of Missouri. He introduced a world's-fair measure in the House of Representatives on February 5th, 1898, which was reported to the committee on Ways and Means. The destruction of the Maine in the harbor of Havana ten days later, and the war with Spain which came on shortly afterward, prevented the consideration of the measure. Moreover, the people of St.



REPRESENTATIVE BARTHOLDT, WHO IS PUSHING A WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS.

Louis had not yet become aroused to the advisability of having a world's fair. Charles M. Harvey, associate editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, began, two or three years before the Chicago international exposition was held, to urge, by occa-

sional articles in that paper, the propriety of celebrating the Louisiana annexation centennial by a world's fair. He was the first person to suggest an international exposition in that connection, but for years his words elicited no response. Mr. Bartholdt took the matter up in 1897, prepared a bill providing for a world's fair, and introduced it on February 5th, 1898. A few months later the Missouri Historical Society began to move in favor of a celebration, but its original plans contemplated the erection of a permanent home for the society. The society suggested a meeting of delegates from the States and Territories of the Louisiana province, which met at St. Louis on January 10th and 11th, 1899, and at that gathering a world's fair was definitely decided upon. This was more than eleven months after the Bartholdt World's Fair bill had been introduced in the House of Representatives. Mr. Bartholdt is one of the ablest and most popular men in Congress. He has already served continuously eight years in the House of Representatives, is always elected by large majorities, and has been chosen to the Congress of 1901-3.

—A newspaper writer stated, a few years ago, that woman can do everything except play billiards. That statement led



MAY KAARLUS, A BILLIARD MARVEL WHO DEFIES THE CHAMPIONS.

Photographed for LESLIE'S WEEKLY by R. L. Dunn.

Professor Kaarlus, the billiard expert, to resolve to prove that even in this field there is no gauge of woman's perfection. The other day his daughter, Miss May Kaarlus, just past sixteen years of age, made her debut at Maurice Daly's academy in New York. The best shots with the cue of Schaefer, Slosson, and Ives seem to be veritable child's play to this girl. Miss Kaarlus does not claim that she could beat the champion, Schaefer, at his own peculiar style, but her father has made up a list of a hundred fancy shots in which he challenges any expert to compete with her. Record is to be kept of the number of attempts necessary to make each shot, the contestant who makes the hundred in the smallest number of trials to be given the match. Miss Kaarlus is modest and the perfection of physical grace and strength. Her attention to athletic training is incessant, and is indispensable to her wonderful success in close draw, wing, and follow-shots. In many of her amazing round-the-table performances the most perfect muscular development is needed to drive the elusive ivory spheres through the strange figures that they must describe.

—The idea set forth with characteristic emphasis by Mr. Richard Croker in the recent Presidential campaign, that



MR. C. K. BUSH, WHO ACHIEVED BUSINESS SUCCESS WHILE A STUDENT.

Photograph by Notman.

“young men have no chance” in America to-day, and also the idea that only the sons of rich parents are able to enjoy the educational privileges of Harvard University and others of our old and most famous seats of learning, are both refuted in a most direct and positive way by the experience of Mr. Clarence K. Bush, who completed a course at Harvard a year ago, and is now a rising and prosperous business man of Boston. Although a member of a family possessed of large means, young Bush had no money when he entered the university, and was compelled to earn his living all through his three years' course. He lodged in an attic during the first year, and his total expenses for that period, outside of his tuition fees, were only \$75. Later a near relative living in the country sent the young student a tub of prime butter. Instead of converting this excellent gift to his personal use, young Bush made the tub of butter the basis of a trade in that article among the householders of Cambridge which soon developed into a large and lucrative business. He had 1,000 customers within three months after he made his first sale, and in six months it required five teams to deliver his daily orders. About a year ago he became the New England agent of a New York butter company on a large salary, and is on the high road to fortune. This little romance from real life does not teach that every young man can achieve such a brilliant business success as Mr. Bush has achieved, even with the same energy, grit, and self-denying spirit, but it does show in a most striking and satisfactory way that the field is still wide open in America where such qualities count largely on the side of success. It was not a stroke of

genius which gave this Harvard student his sudden business eminence, but simply the faculty of making the most and the best of his opportunities, added to self-confidence and a lack of false pride.

—It is expected that our first and nearest insular possession in the Pacific—the Sandwich Islands—will soon have a representative in the Military Academy at West Point, in the person of Mr. Joseph Kaiponohoa Aea.



JOSEPH KAIPONOHEA AEA, RECOMMENDED AS A CADET AT WEST POINT FROM HAWAII, BY DELEGATE WILCOX.

Mr. Aea is a young man of eighteen years, a pure-blood Hawaiian native. He is a fine specimen of manly, physical development, and has in him, apparently, the making of a true soldier. He has been educated in the best schools of Hawaii, and is well and favorably known on the island as a bright and promising young man. He has been recommended for a cadetship by Mr. Robert W. Wilcox, delegate to Congress from Hawaii. Under the new disciplinary régime inaugurated at West Point, Mr. Aea, if appointed, may be assured of fair and honorable treatment on the part of his class-mates. He will be the first, but in all probability not the last, of the young men of lands and races recently alien to us to take advantage of the opportunities offered by our government for a military training at West Point. The question of allowing Porto Rico four representatives at the academy was the occasion of an exciting debate in Congress a few days ago. Next to come knocking at the doors of the academy will be a group of young Filipinos.

—The first of the State commissions to be reorganized on a simpler and more economical basis, according to the recommendations made by Governor Odell, of New York, in his very practical and suggestive message to the Legislature of the State, was that having supervision of the state-prisons. The new commission, appointed by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate, consists of the Hon. Lispenard Stewart, of New York; State Treasurer Jaekel, and the Hon. Cornelius V. Collins, of Troy, the present superintendent of state-prisons. It would be very difficult, if not practically impossible, to find three men better fitted by training,



THE HON. CORNELIUS V. COLLINS, OF THE NEW STATE-PRISON COMMISSION.

experience, and proved ability, to administer this important branch of the State government. Superintendent Collins especially has made an excellent record in his present office, and has become widely known as a practical student of penology and as an expert in prison management. He has made extensive tours throughout the country investigating prisons and reformatories, for the sake of learning the most approved methods of dealing with criminals. He is thoroughly in sympathy with the modern prison-reform movement so far as the reforms proposed come within the range of practicability. With two associates on the new commission of like mind with himself, it may be regarded as certain that the penal institutions of New York will be put on the most satisfactory basis.

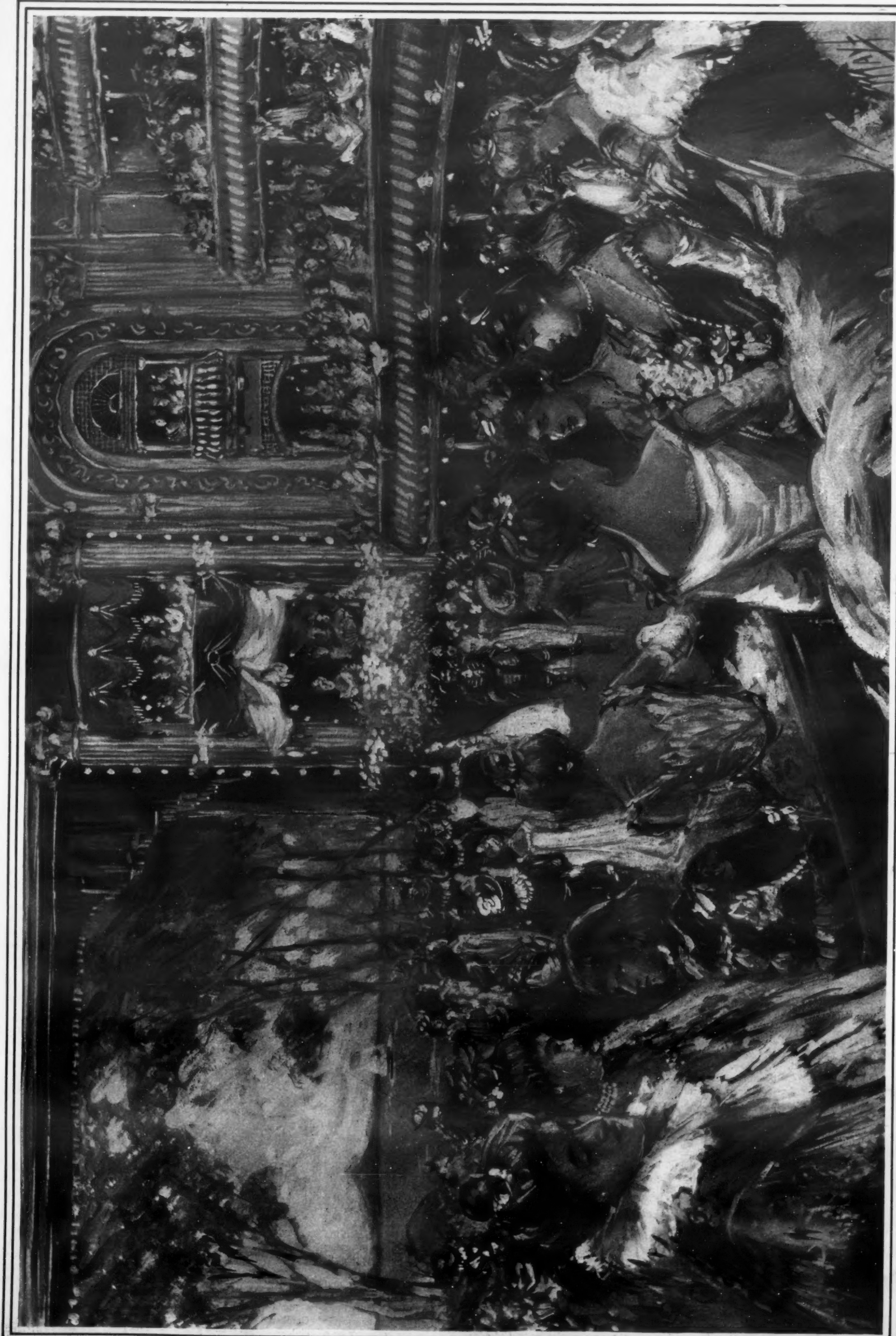
—It is declared on good authority that the average duration of human life has been materially increased in the past few



MRS. MARY LITTLE, WHO HAS LIVED IN THREE CENTURIES.

Photograph by Jennings & Sawyer.

decades, thanks to modern improvements in hygiene, sanitation, and the science of health, generally. The time is yet far distant, however, when persons with over a hundred years of life to their credit will be so numerous as to cease to be notable. Even the members of the Hundred Year Club are not sanguine enough for that. And when it may be said of a person, as of Mrs. Mary Little, of Philadelphia, that she has lived to see three centuries, the fact seems more remarkable still. Mrs. Little was born in October, 1799, which, of course, gave her a few months in the eighteenth century. She came here from her native Ireland in 1820, with her husband, and made her home in Philadelphia, where she has lived ever since. Mr. Little served in the Mexican War, and died from the effects of an accident in that service. One of her two sons was a Union soldier in the Civil War, and was on the *Monitor* when it smashed the *Merrimac*. Mrs. Little has never had a serious illness in her life, and still enjoys a remarkable degree of health and strength for one of her years.



THE FAMOUS MARDI-GRAS BALL AT NEW ORLEANS.

THIS EVENT AT THE FRENCH OPERA HOUSE ATTRACTS THE FASHION AND BEAUTY OF THE FAMOUS SOUTHERN CITY.—DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY G. B. FOX, FROM A SKETCH BY T. D. MAYFIELD.



"IN THE MORNING I WAS TAKEN BEFORE AGUINALDO."

"THE STRANGE STORY OF ARAM KERAM DERAM MINASSIAN."

DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY SYDNEY ADAMSON.—[SEE PAGE 229.]



DELEGATES TO THE THIRD PAN-AMERICAN MEDICAL CONGRESS GROUPED AT CABANAS FORTRESS, UNDER THE TABLET MARKING THE SPOT WHERE CUBAN PRISONERS WERE SHOT DURING THE WAR.

A Notable Medical Congress.

HAVANA, February 22d, 1901.—The work of the third Pan-American Medical Congress, the inaugural session of which took place in Havana at the Tacon Theatre, February 4th, proved eminently satisfactory to the local members and visiting delegates. Although the attendance this year did not reach that of the two preceding years, nevertheless those present express the opinion that the congress has accomplished much for the furtherance of medical science. The congress was convened by General Wood, the military Governor, in person. In the centre of the immense stage, at the president's table, was seated the military Governor, with Dr. Santos Fernandez, the president of the congress, upon the right of General Wood. At the right of the president was General Emilio Nunez, the civil Governor of Havana, while General Alessandro Rodriguez, the mayor of Havana, was seated at the left of the military Governor. Grouped in the rear of these officials were the secretaries of government of General Wood's cabinet, while the big stage was completely filled by visiting delegates.

Among the notable spectators was General Maximo Gomez, who, in these days, very rarely comes out of his seclusion to attend public functions. General Wood extended to the visiting delegates a hearty welcome to Havana. The military Governor, in a brief address, congratulated the members of the congress upon their choice of Havana as the meeting place for their annual session. General Wood said he hoped to see future sessions of the Pan-American medical congress held in Havana, as it was the most accessible place, geographically, for the members of the profession from both of the American continents.

President Fernandez and other prominent members of the congress delivered addresses. Each day the congress held two sessions of its various sections, of two hours each, in the University of Havana, while the remaining time was pleasantly spent in accordance with an elaborate programme for the entertainment of the delegates. The yellow-fever problem was the most interesting question before the congress. The mosquito theory was the subject of much diversified opinion. The consensus of opinion was to the effect that where yellow fever is prevalent there is little doubt that the mosquito conveys the germ from the body of a subject to that of a healthy person.

W. A. VARTY.

How Far Can Vice in Our Cities Be Suppressed?

(Continued from page 218.)

this treatment. I know that it offers relative immunity from physical consequences, but these are the brand of God's hatred and anger, perhaps one would rather say of God's love and pity, to warn against the indulgence of the animal in man. I know that the awful suffering which comes, through these excesses, to innocent people might be mitigated, but the visiting of the fathers' sins upon the children is part of the Divine plan of tempting men to resist temptation, by an appeal to the parental instinct.

In the same way, I do not believe that prohibition, the absolute closing of saloons, the abolition of the canteen for the army (a most weak and unworthy yielding to an unreasoning cabal), will abolish drunkenness. But laws can be made and can be executed, which will neither turn sections of our cities into places of shame, nor permit the intrusion of women, lost to shame, into the neighborhoods where decent and God-fearing people live. The evil that cannot be suppressed can be repressed. Men and women on the lookout to lure victims, under false pretenses, to ruin without their knowledge or consent can be punished. The most vulgar, vicious, noisy, disorderly houses can be closed, and the keepers made to disgorge their ill-gotten gains by heavy fines, and restrained, for a while at least, by imprisonment, from their shameful trade.

In dealing with the vice of drunkenness it must not be confounded with what some people consider the vice of drinking. Sinful in its excess, and not in itself, this matter can be recognized by the law. I believe in high license, in limiting the number of saloons, in Sunday closing, in taking away the license from any man convicted, on the testimony of any citizen, of its abuse, by selling to minors, to habitual drunkards, to any one under the influence of liquor. I believe in the closing of side-doors, in the taking away of screens, which hinder the sight of policemen (quite blind enough now), and in the condign punishment of the maker or the seller of adulterated liquors. The other vice, which somehow seems to be in its effects the most deadly of the three, the vice of gambling, ought to be, in my judgment, not suppressed but exterminated. Whether in the gambling-hells—well named—or in raffles and lotteries at the bazaars of philanthropic societies, or, worst of all and first to be condemned and punished, at church fairs.

These are drastic and severe methods of human justice. But it must be remembered that with the Christian people, in their various opportunities of influence, rests the responsibility of trying to suppress vice by the holier means of personal effort to convince and convert sinners, "to hold up the weak, to bring again the outcasts, and to seek the lost."

James M. Wood

Winter's Cheerful Side.

BONANZAS OF FUN AND PROFIT—CUTTING THE GREAT ICE CROPS—COLD-WEATHER SPORTS.

WINTER has its joys and its commercial advantages, too. Those who stay at home in the Northern climes, especially the children, look forward to the season of snow and ice with pleasant anticipations. There is happiness in store for the children who coast, for the wealthy who enjoy the exhilarating pastime of sleighing behind fast horses, for the rural dwellers who delight in "straw rides," and for the thousands of workingmen who, but for the opportunity of clearing city streets, breaking suburban roads, and cutting ice, would find but little employment at this time of the year.

Few people who are not directly interested ever give a thought to the magnitude of operations and enormous outlay of capital required to supply a summer's ice to a great city like New York. The figures, when even approximately given, form a romance of millions. The industry of ice-cutting and harvesting along the Hudson River gives considerable employment to an army of men, and the ice crop is of far greater value than the gold and silver output of many a mining State.

From Albany to Marlborough a chain of 445 ice-houses stores 3,768,000 tons of ice. The greater part of this ice comes to New York City, in addition to great quantities forwarded there from other points. Sixty-nine of the ice-houses referred to, with a total capacity of 1,844,000 tons, belong to the American Ice Company. The huge, barn-like houses that contain the ice cut along the Hudson are estimated to be worth about \$4,000,000, and this is merely a small incident in the amount of capital required to handle the Hudson's ice crop. The total cost of harvesting approaches \$500,000, while to get the ice out of the buildings and ship it to market calls for an outlay of nearly \$2,000,000 more.

Ice is considered by the thoughtless to be the cheapest of marketable commodities. The cost of harvesting the frozen crop, according to popular notion, should be very small, as all a man, firm, or corporation has to do is to take his ice right out of the river, keep it a little while, and then sell it at enormous profit. The truth is that ice-cutting and storing is a decidedly scientific operation, each large plant requiring a skilled superintendent and several important subordinates. Cheap men in

these positions would cause a deficit in the ledger. Even the laborers who do the hard, manual work must be skilled, or they are not worth their wages. It is a busy day's work for all hands, beginning, for all alike, at 5:30 A. M.

At Rockland Lake, near Conger's, on the Hudson, is one of the largest plants operated by the American Ice Company. Our photographs of the arduous work of gathering an ice-crop, published elsewhere, were taken there. Just as daylight comes, the ringing vibration of the ice-plow is heard as the plow-tenders drive the row of keen steel blades into the lines laid out by the markers, who have staked out on the ice the lines to be followed in cutting. After the plows come lines of men who energetically work long saws up and down through the ice. This initial part of the work requires the watchful oversight of two field foremen. Should a plow-tender deviate an inch from the lines laid down for him he is quickly called to task. Two more foremen are required to supervise the work of the men who start and guide the severed rafts of ice away from the larger mass of the field. These "rafts" are at first sixteen cakes wide, and buoyant enough to carry several men with safety. Each cake measures twenty-two by thirty-two inches.

Men provided with long poles, each having a hook at the end, guide the great masses of ice into the canals, which are channels cut through the ice for floating the cakes from the points of cutting to the ice-houses. There are three canal bosses, who have all they can do to keep the work of moving the ice by scores of men at the top notch of speed. At the mouth of the canal leading to the ice-houses the rafts are broken to a width of eight cakes while passing. In front of the house these diminished rafts are cut, in long strips, to a width of one cake. Just at the bottoms of the elevators the strips are finally broken into single cakes. All this work is done with the greatest dispatch, with the constant passage of thin lines of men tramping heavily, bearing their full weight on their poles, and amid much shouting. In front of each ice-house there is another foreman who has anything but a sinecure, for he is responsible for the least hitch or delay in his work.

Here is where the feeder comes into play. He stands with hooked pole, giving each cake a push as it comes, and sending it into the clutches of one of the hold-bars that travel in endless chain up the elevator and back underneath. Just a few feet up the elevator is an ingenious bit of machinery. As the swiftly-moving cake passes through it the bottom of the cake is scraped smooth, while the top is corrugated. From the elevator the cake swings out upon a runway with a slightly downward incline. An instant later it is in one of the rooms of the ice-house, sliding along to where a waiting man catches it with his hook and pushes it into its allotted place. Nice work is required in this. The boss of the room is obliged to know just how the ice should be packed, both with a view to economy of space and for the preservation of the goods. When the room has been filled to its proper limit from sixteen to eighteen inches of hay are tightly packed over the cakes.

No lagging here, nor can the feeders below pause for anything. The least laziness results in a clog of the cakes. To make sure that all is going well the boss, who has all the rooms in one house under his charge, keeps constantly on the move. At each elevator there is a man known as the "friction tender." He must see that everything is kept running smoothly, for a break in the hoisting-apparatus in good harvesting weather means an increase in the cost of getting in each ton.

Not all of the ice goes to the ice-house. Over at the end of the lake is a railway that runs up over the crest of the steep hill and down again to the near-by Hudson. At the lake's end is a hoisting-apparatus that loads the cars—flat, open affairs. By pairs these cars are loaded. One horse will drag the pair a few yards until the cable is caught. Up to the summit of the hill by this latter traction the short train is hauled. Across the top of the hill horse-power is again used, until the descent is reached, where the cable again comes into play, and down and out upon the dock fly the ice-laden cars. Here is a scale that

will weigh forty tons, net. In a twinkling the weighing is done, and bustling, lusty men swing the ice down into the holds of the curious-looking barges that stand moored at the wharf. As fast as the cakes come—hundreds every few minutes—they are pushed and stowed. At this time of the year 8,000 to 10,000 tons a week are sent to New York by the river route.

At the beginning of the winter the remarkably mild weather gave rise to apprehensions all along the river that the crop would not be as heavy as usual. February's weather, however, dispelled that dread. Mr. Charles Cook, superintendent of the ice-houses at Rockland Lake and Rockland Pond estimates that this winter's cut at the lake and pond will be up to the usual mark—about 140,000 tons in all. This is based on the average of thirty satisfactory working days in a season. To do this work he employs a force of between six and seven hundred men. Each room in the ice-houses under his charge holds about 7,000 tons.

At the beginning of the ice-cutting season, when the first decidedly cold weather comes, the ice will freeze to a thickness of two or three inches. Such ice is fit only for skating. Almost invariably a snow-fall comes that lies over the ice two or three inches deep. Here is where the first gang of cutters is put to work. Men provided with iron bars are sent out upon the frozen surface. They perform what is technically known as "tapping." At such intervals as Superintendent Cook directs, holes are broken through the ice. Through these the water rises, flooding the snow. A day or two of cold, blowy weather, and the snow has been transformed into solid ice. At the same time more ice forms below, until it is ten or twelve inches thick and fit for cutting. Then come all the preparations for a great cut, and the ice season is on. Men who would be very likely to be without other employment during the coldest part of the season find steady wages at about the rates of pay that prevail for the same grades of laborers and mechanics elsewhere. The average wages for ice-harvesters that are paid along the Hudson are: Plowmen and sawyers, \$1.75 per day; boys who lead horses, \$1.25; barrers \$2.00; canal men, \$1.50; feeders, engineers and friction tenders, \$2.50, and ice-housemen, \$1.75.

New York's summer thirst is a blessing to thousands of families that dwell along the Hudson. And these men who toil at a little-known trade could sit down and figure out for you why it is that ice, which would seem to be the cheapest of marketable commodities, is, after all a costly article by the time that it can be delivered to the consumer. To understand this and to get a comprehensive idea of all the work of ice-harvesting, it is well worth one's time to spend a winter day at one of these great ice-storing plants. H.

The Looting of Peking Justifiable.

AFTER the smoke of battle clears away there is always a moral wall set up by the belated ones who follow in the wake of the troops. It is the natural logical sequence. The country between Taku and Peking traversed by the allied troops once supported three millions of people. The belated traveler who followed in the wake of death and destruction found desolation and dogs the sole survivors. It naturally shocked his sensibilities, and, forgetting the provocation that aroused the horror of the civilized world, his anger turned to pity, and his wrath against civilization burst forth.

I have in mind one of these belated camp followers. He has a highly-seasoned sense of the gruesome, and is particularly keen in serving up horrors delectably garnished with hysterical verbiage. He has contributed a whole chamber of horrors to war literature, and probed into the details of outrages, licentiousness, and looting with clinical minuteness. His recent effusions have been published in three languages and in four magazines of national reputation. This kind of a man may work some good in the world, but his talent should make him famous in the realm of fiction.

He has unreservedly condemned civilization because men sent into the field to fight killed their enemies. He has thrown mud at Christianity because a conquering army annihilated an armed force and a sympathizing population, and he has wept tears of ink because what the flying enemy could not carry away was confiscated by the invading force, bent upon saving from outrage and massacre helpless men, women, and children; and yet this hysterical individual, to my personal knowledge, hardly dared leave his room in Peking for fear a prowling Sikh or Cossack would get away with his "souvenirs." I refer to this degenerate not to personally attack him, but to point out the type of man that is throwing discredit upon the conduct of the expeditionary forces in China. There is only one type worse, and that is the Shanghai liar who stole much of his thunder.

After the clouds blow away, the wreckage of any great catastrophe appears in the lime-light of publicity, its horrors shocking the mind and converting the passions into emotions of sympathy for the victims. The under-dog invariably challenges pity, and while China commands the commiseration of the civilized world, the horrors that marked the trail of the invading army should not make us forget the motive that inspired the invasion nor the object attained. The vultures of literature who pounced upon the battle-field after a desperate campaign and served up the microscopic descriptions of scenes that stench the nostrils, condemning men who upheld the flag and fought the battles, because of the result of deeds committed under the tension and excitement of conquest, usually arrive too late to appreciate the nobler sentiments that inspire the soldier to face the enemy's fire.

I do not propose to apologize for the looting that was done in China. If I did I should have to begin with the Chinese themselves. In every town from Taku to Peking the first evidences of looting bore the imprint of Chinese enterprise. As the allied troops advanced, vast caravans of carts and coolies made away with the wealth and treasures of the cities. The troops invariably conquered half destroyed and systematically-looted towns. To protect the deserted territory has required an army itself, and to leave it untouched but offered a further field of operation for the refugee Chinese who soon came back.

In Tien-Tsin nothing was too insignificant for the Chinese to loot. They carried away their neighbors' doors, the partitions to their rooms, and the tiles of their houses. In Peking similar

tactics were attempted, but the flight from the capital was too precipitate to permit the inhabitants to do the job thoroughly. They burned some of their most sacred and ancient buildings, and carried away all that horse and man could transport. What was left of value—the silver, jade, silks, and furs—the allies took under the natural law of conquest. It was contraband of war, and there was no secret made of the job. The English, under war orders, systematically gathered in the furs, ornaments, and furniture from the houses in their quarter and sold it at public auction. The Japanese devoted their energies largely to gold, silver, and munitions of war, which they shipped to Japan, giving the private free rein to collect souvenirs. The Russians officially ignored looting, and every one helped himself. The Americans both recognized and ignored the proposition. Much loot was gathered in and shipped to Shanghai and the Philippines and sold to the highest bidder. The French took what they could get. The German method was questionable; they came late, and organized punitive expeditions. But I think the punishment they administered will redound to the lasting benefit of civilization.

But after the story is all told China's loss by actual looting, barring the silver confiscated by the governments, is infinitesimal. The actual value is not so monstrous as hysterical critics imagine. Some of the materials clothing, bedding, etc., were useful. The most of it consisted of vases, jewelry, and trinkets only valuable to the collector and buyer of curiosities. The soldier in the ranks, the officers in command, the survivors of the siege, the war correspondent, the camp follower, the missionary, and the Chinese refugees took, bought, and sold loot, and among them all none was more eager, more active, or had more money to buy with than the Chinaman himself, who came out of hiding to profit by the misfortunes of his fellows.

When aggressive action was well over aggressive measures were abandoned, and the moment China showed a desire to sue for peace her overtures were respected and her property and the lives of her people protected. War means death, destruction, devastation, and despoliation. It has always meant that and it always will, whether in the eighteenth or twentieth century, and it will mean all that those words encompass until the millennium. EDWIN WILDMAN.

Inauguration Day.

Four times the powdery snow is blown
Four times the roses fall,
When Freedom takes her trumpet out
And blows a ringing call.
Across the windy hills of March
The glorious spirits fare
Who led the nation each in turn
And filled the White House chair.

I see the shade of Washington
In wigged and powdered pride,
And dainty Dolly Madison
Coquetting at his side.
And all of those who lived or loved,
Or died within the gates
Where dwell successive Presidents
Of our United States.

Some bear a flag with bullets pierced
In which the stars are few;
Some walk with eyes upon a map
That war has torn in two.
Until the last of all the throng,
McKinley, steps in line,
And bares his head a second time
To take the oath divine.

His map of North and South is bright
And whole and new and clean;
No stain of blood its surface mars,
No blot or smirch is seen.
Above his head a radiant flag
Of morning's colors spun,
With eight-and-forty silver stars,
Is streaming in the sun.

When Freedom, born of patriot blood,
First drew her feeble breath
The wise old nations o'er the sea
Predicted early death;
But never, never will she die
While Maine and Dixie stand
With faces to the mutual foe
And friendly hand in hand.

Her strength is in the loyal sons
Who cluster at her knee—
The heirs of sturdy palm and pine,
The children of the free.
So breath'd anew a pledge to those
Who wore the blue and gray,
McKinley, when he took the oath
Inauguration day.

MINNA IRVING

New Jersey Not So Bad.

"Huh!" sniffed the Jerseyman, roosting on an oyster-bin with a public document spread before him; "some folks have a way of making remarks of a derogatory and defamatory character about my State, but, by hokey! Jersey's all right when it comes to a show-down; don't make no difference if she does have mosquitoes and malaria. They don't show in the census returns, any way, and that is the question before the house now. I see by this here document that Uncle Sam sends me, with his compliments, that New Jersey has a population of 1,883,669, which gives her seventeenth place in the list of States, and her increase for the last ten years was greater than ever before. And all these people are on a territory less in size than any other States in the Union except Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Delaware.

"Texas, for instance, with an area thirty times as big as Jersey, hasn't twice as many people, and even New York, with nearly seven times the area, has only four times the population. Kansas, with ten times the area, has nearly half a million people less, and Montana, in the wide and wonderful West—also woolly—with over eighteen times the area, has only one eighth as many people as Jersey. California, the land of gold, with nineteen times the area, has 400,000 less people. And

so they go, with Jersey in the lead of most of them. When comes to per cent. of increase we knock 'em out in the same way with our 30.4, when Illinois shows only 26, Georgia 20, Connecticut 21.7, Delaware 9.6, Vermont 3, Massachusetts 25, and our two big neighbors, New York with 21 and a fraction, and Pennsylvania with 19 and a fraction. And think of Bryar State, with only nine-tenths of one per cent. to Jersey's 30. Oh, Jersey's all right, hands down, and don't you forget it.

"Look at her towns, too. Atlantic City increased 113.2 per cent. in the last ten years, Bayonne jumped up 71.9. Passaic comes up with exactly the same per cent. that Atlantic City shows, Paterson, notwithstanding her morals, shows 34.2 per cent. increase, and old Elizabeth, that used to be only a taxi district, shows 38 per cent.; Hoboken, with a name that would fade a carpet, goes to 36; Newark is 35.3; Camden's too near to Philadelphia to be very fast, but she drags up to 30.2, a Trenton, notwithstanding all the trusts that are organized there, gets to 27.6, the lowest showing of any of the big towns. These figures show a bigger increase than Philadelphia, 23; Boston, 25; St. Louis, 27.3; Baltimore, 17.1; San Francisco 14.6; Cincinnati, 9.7; Washington, 20.9, and a whole string more. The State has 190 incorporated places, ten of them more than 25,000 people—Newark with 246,070; Jersey City 206,433; Paterson, 105,171; Camden, 75,935; Trenton, 73,380; Hoboken, 59,364; Elizabeth, 52,130; Bayonne, 32,722; Atlantic City, 27,838, and Passaic, 27,777. There are thirty-two towns of less than 5,000 people, sixteen come between 5,000 and 10,000, ten from 10,000 to 20,000, four from 20,000 to 25,000, and one over 25,000, which is a distribution of business centres that makes Jersey good for all time. So much for the last ten years of the nineteenth century; now you lay low and watch her rise and shine in the first ten of the twentieth." W. J. L.

Crowding Us Out.

HAS the tariff war of the Old World against the new begun? Does the abrupt declaration of M. de Witte, the sagacious Russian minister of finance, of a prohibitory tariff upon American iron and steel manufactures signify the first step of the part of the other great Powers to declare an open commercial war against the United States? Russia justifies vigorous discrimination against the importation of American steel and iron products on the ground that America has discriminated against Russian sugar. The amount of sugar sent from Russia to the United States, it is said, is scarcely \$300,000 in value per annum, while the steel and iron manufactures imported from the United States to Russia aggregated about \$500,000.

The imposition of a discriminating tax on Russian sugar based on a technical construction of the Russian laws, which is not a final construction, because it may be reviewed, through legal action, by the Supreme Court of the United States, is a fact that Russia, without waiting for this final decision of the courts, hastily announced a retaliatory excess duty of thirty per cent. on American iron manufactures, shows how eager foreign countries to find a pretext for excluding American goods. The retaliatory tariff announced by Russia will abruptly put an end to American exports of iron and steel to that country, and will open the way for our competitors in Germany, Belgium, and Great Britain to retake the field which was rapidly becoming ours.

The agitation in Germany and in England, and in France throughout all Europe, in favor of a discriminating tariff against American goods will be wonderfully strengthened by the act of Russia and many believe that our export trade has reached the high-water mark for some time to come. While Bismarck always held that tariff wars did not necessarily involve unpleasant political relations between great nations, yet it is a fact that recent wars have mostly been fought to strengthen the commercial advantages of the contending nations. The action of Russia may therefore have a far-reaching influence on business conditions in the United States, for while it is true that the World cannot get along without some of our agricultural and mining products, it is also true that Russia in Siberia, and England in Australia and India, are largely adding to their agricultural areas and seeking as earnestly in that direction as in the field of manufactures, to be free from obligation to the United States.

Our statesmen at Washington, who spend most of the session wrangling over political patronage or opportunities for the advancement of personal ends, should lose no time in taking up reciprocity treaties with foreign nations which lie by the door before them, demanding immediate action, but receiving little or no attention.

Nursing in Alaska.

NEED OF PROPER FOOD AND CARE FOR MINERS.

THE character of the food used in the mining camps is such that many strong men break down under it. Scurvy is a very common disease. They drink quantities of coffee, and it does its work with thousands.

A nurse, Mrs. L. Lovell, who has been employed in different places in Alaska for the past three years, writes to say that she has induced many patients to leave off coffee and take Postum Food Coffee, which is very popular now in many of the mining camps, for they have learned its value.

She says of herself that she has been a great sufferer from use of coffee, and had a most shameful bilious complexion. says: "I not only suffered from the looks, but had a very serious stomach trouble. When I finally quit coffee and began using Postum Food Coffee my stomach began to recover normal condition and my complexion gradually changed, and now, after a month or more use of Postum, my complexion is as fair as a school-girl's."

"I send you a list of many names of miners that have given up coffee and are using Postum, and in each case there has been a remarkable improvement in health."

"I had one patient almost gone from scurvy. He could retain any food, but lived on Postum until strong enough to take other food, and got well."

"I am going to take up a large supply of Postum next time."



A HAPPY LITTLE COASTER.



A FAMILY COASTING PARTY IN NEW YORK.



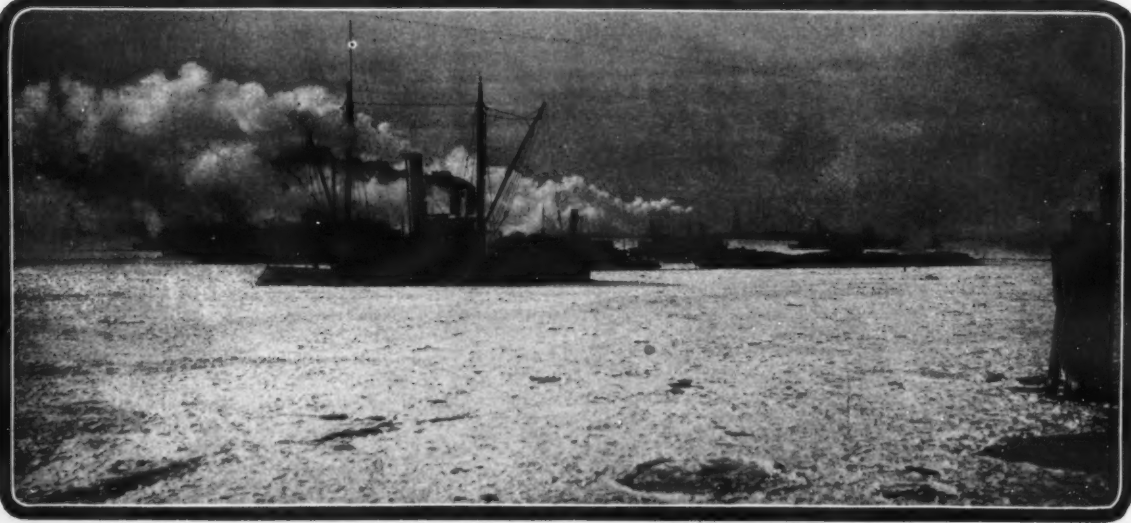
ICE HARVESTING BURLINGTON



HANDSOME TURNOUTS IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.



BREAKING THE CAKE



FAST IN THE ICE FLOES OF NEW YORK BAY.



THE FIRST CUTTING WITH



CROSSING TWENTY THIRD STREET, NEW YORK, DURING A STORM.



SHIPPING HUDSON RIVER

PLEASURES AND PROFITS OF THE F

JACK FROST MAKES MANY HEARTS MERRY, AND MANY HANDS BUSY. THE F



STING BURLINGTON, VT.



"HERE WE GO!"



COASTING ON MANHATTAN SQUARE, NEW YORK.



KING THE CAKES.



TOBOGGANNING AT MADISON, N.J. PHOTO BY KLINEDINST.



CUTTING WITH ICE PLOW.



THE OCEAN LINER "CEVIC" BLOCKED IN NEW YORK HARBOR.



ONCE TO NEW YORK.



AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL.

THE FEBRUARY COLD SNAP.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY R. L. DUNN, F. C. BERTÉ, AND OTHERS.—[SEE PAGE 222]



REPRESENTATIVE CYRUS SULLOWAY,
OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.



REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM SULZER,
OF NEW YORK.



REPRESENTATIVE JAMES M. GRIGGS,
OF GEORGIA.



REPRESENTATIVE JOHN ALLEN,
OF MISSISSIPPI.

Glimpses of Congressmen.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 2d, 1901.—Cases have often been ed out of court and not infrequently meritorious bills been ridiculed to death in Congress, and yet it has not recorded that wit and humor ever succeeded in enacting. There is one remarkable instance, however, of a bill reported unanimously by a House committee after listening to a two-minute talk by its author, Private John Allen, of Mississippi, the humorist of the House. The few remarks pertinent to the subject, delivered in Mr. Allen's inimitable way, amused the members with laughter, and even Judge Rans of Louisiana, who is the father of a rival bill, to give a fish-hatchery, voted for the Mississippi measure. Allen, appearing before the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries in his long frock coat, and with very serious asked that his city of Tupelo be given a fish-hatchery. He red tenderly to the pleasant associations he had formed along his long career in the House, and of his constant will to vote money out of the Treasury to help any good along, then added pathetically that these close connections were about to be severed, for, with the adjournment of the session he would return to private life. As there were sobs of tears in the eyes of the more susceptible members of the committee Mr. Allen concluded:

"I am about to retire from the scenes of my labors, of my triumphs, and leave the burden of conducting the affairs of the nation to be laid upon younger shoulders. But in old age, when I am far away from the scene of public strife, I shall no longer have the clash of wit and wisdom in forensic debate; when I long for some reminder of old times and once again see faces, what then, Mr. Chairman? Ah, that is the time I shall wander through the rooms of the fish-hatchery—if I pass this bill—which will then grace the beautiful city of Tupelo, and watch the little fishes hatch and marvel at the beryl of nature. And, Mr. Chairman, I shall see exemplified the ruth of the adage that 'a sucker is born every minute.'"

Mr. Allen, like Mr. Reed, General Catchings, and other able in the House, has at last concluded that if he is to have money for his old days he must retire now from public life and resume the practice of his profession. This was suggested to the Mississippi statesman a few years ago by a friend, who made an eloquent argument that the Congressional salary of \$5,000 was too little for a man of his talents. Well," drawled Mr. Allen, "I'll admit that \$5,000 is rather a little, but then it comes along powerful regular."

Mr. Sulzer has been told of some loquacious statesmen that they set their mouths going and then run off and leave them. Indeed, it requires little provocation for William Sulzer, of New York—Henry Clay had the honor to resemble—to make a speech, get in rough-and-tumble debate, or pose for a photograph. A few days ago he set the House by the ears through the reading of an anonymous letter, animadverting former Assistant Postmaster-General Perry Heath for his indorsement of the bill, and asking that it be read. Mr. Sulzer talked three columns, having caught the Republicans napping and without their majority, caused the insertion of the objectionable matter in the *Record* after a few of the statesmen had nearly been blown, and then, on the following day, when the Republicans had assembled their quota, cheerfully agreed that it should be expunged from the permanent record. While the dewaxed fiercest General Shattuck, of Ohio, who never was in to pour oil on troubled parliamentary waters, went after Sulzer, in poetry, as follows:

"I love the man who knows it all,
From East to West, from North to South;
Who knows all things, both great and small,
And tells it with his tireless mouth;
Who holds the listening world in awe,
The while he works his iron jaw."

"Up hill and down, through swamp and sand,
It never stops, it never balks;
Through air and sky, o'er sea and land,
He talks and talks and talks and talks,
And talks and talks and talks and talks,
And talks and talks and talks and talks."

Mr. Sulzer, being a kind hearted and forgiving man, cannot what General Shattuck has uttered, but it would be asked much to suggest that he forgive the member who played the Boer flag trick on him during the Capitol centennial exercise in December. A practical joker informed Mr. Sulzer on occasion that the marines, who decorated the hall of the House on that day, being mindful of his pro-Boer sympathies, taken great pains to adorn his desk with the colors of the unfortunate republic. But, as no Boer flags were in evidence, the joker added that some Republican had appropriated them.

Mr. Sulzer is not altogether of a gullible nature, but he took the Representative seriously, and made a demand upon Speaker Henderson that the Boer flags be returned to him. Naturally, considerable fun was had at the expense of Sulzer, and it is not yet safe to question him on that tender subject.

The House has another humorist in the person of Judge James M. Griggs, of Georgia, who, while he does not enjoy the reputation which has come to John Allen after many years, has a promising future. Having been a newspaper editor, he is quite a philosopher and something of a poet, as the following lines will testify. Although he modestly disclaims credit for the lines, concluding a few remarks in favor of increasing the pay of letter-carriers to \$1,200, he said:

"Here's a health, boys in gray,
A hoping for twelve hundred a year.
All the same, short pay or long pay,
You'll always be busted, I fear."

While traveling through his circuit as solicitor-general, Mr. Griggs once had occasion to prosecute a Georgia sheriff for embezzling about \$400 of county funds. The sheriff, relying upon the strong friendship which had long existed between himself and Griggs, went to him, confessed to having taken the money, and begged to be let off. "It's just this way, Jim," he said. "I got into a little poker game and needed this money. Now certainly you're not a-goin' to push an old friend for that?" The prosecuting attorney shook his head solemnly and remarked that it was a very serious case and he was obliged to do his duty. The sheriff was slightly disappointed, but did not appear to be very unhappy. The case was called for trial and he appeared without counsel. The judge asked if he was represented. He replied he was not. The court insisted that he should have counsel and was about to select a lawyer, when the sheriff interrupted: "I don't want to take any mean advantage of the State. The other side hasn't got any counsel and I guess I won't need one."

The largest man, physically, in the House—and he is nearly seven feet tall, being built in proportion—one of the hardest workers, and a very unique character, is Cyrus A. Sulloway, of New Hampshire, recently a candidate against Chandler for the Senate. Sulloway has been all things; he led the Salvation Army, and later the Democrats. Notwithstanding his great size he has not been able to lead the House of Representatives, but he has made quite a reputation as chairman of the Committee on Invalid Pensions. Though a peace-loving man he has nerve proportionate with his inches, and if ever his ire is aroused the one seeking the trouble will be sorry he found it. In New Hampshire Mr. Sulloway is regarded as an able criminal lawyer. Not very long ago he was engaged in defending a client who was prosecuted under the liquor laws. The witnesses, being entitled, under the moiety clause of the law to a share of the fine in case of conviction, did their best to earn the money, and the jury did not seem to be taking as much interest in the lawyer's argument as he thought they should. With indignation in his voice and fire in his eye, Sulloway went after the witnesses:

"The only evidence against my client," said he, "is given by two miscreants that have crawled up to this bar of justice. With what detestable objects can one compare treachery like this—with the naked dweller of Terra del Fuego, who eats his half-raw fish; with the Digger Indian that feeds upon the vermin which are nourished by his own body; or with the Wa-Wa mother that drags from the roasted embers the roasted body of her new-born babe? No; angels all are they, and not to be compared with these two walking epidemics, whose pestilential touch breathes contagion in the pure air of this hall of justice. I apologize to your Honor, and to you, gentlemen of the jury, for using these few moments to present the evidence for the favorable verdict that I know your bosoms yearn to give him; and, most of all, I apologize to my client for having withheld from him, even this short while, the liberty he is about to receive from this enlightened body of his fellow-citizens."

In five minutes the client received the sentence, full penalty. Mr. Sulloway will be a candidate for the Senate in two years.

CORRY M. STADEN.

King Edward as a Boy in New York.

HERE is a good story, never before printed, about King Edward VII. and his visit to New York in his younger days. An old newspaper editor is responsible for it, and told it last year when the then Prince of Wales had a narrow chance from the assassin's bullet.

The Prince of Wales says in his letter acknowledging many congratulations on his escape from assassination that he would

like to be plain "John Jones" and be able to go about unrecognized, unhindered. This recalls to my mind an incident in 1860, when the prince was lost in New York for over an hour. Mortimer Thompson, better known as "Doesticks," and Major George F. Williams, were two of the reporters detailed to describe the movements of his Royal Highness in the metropolis. One morning they encountered the prince in the private hallway of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when he boyishly deplored the kingly divinity that hedged him from the outer world.

"Upon my word," he said, "it must be very pleasant to be able to go out into the streets and attract no attention. I have to go just where I am told, and it is getting to be very tiresome."

"There is nothing to prevent your going out into the streets, just as we do," said Doesticks. "I venture to say that if you were to go out with us for a walk nobody would recognize you as the heir to the British throne."

"Do you really think so? I am tempted to accept your suggestion."

"Well, then, come along," said Williams, then a callow youth of eighteen.

The three young men passed into Twenty-third Street and proceeded to Sixth Avenue. For about two hours they meandered up to the present Herald Square, drank brandy-smashes (then the fashionable tippie), and it was a surprise to the American reporters to find that the prince hadn't a cent or a shilling in his pocket, so they amicably paid in turn for the "smashes" until all felt that they had enough.

The trip ended by coming down Madison Avenue and across the park to the hotel. Entering the main door, they found themselves in a scene of confusion. Hotel clerks, minus their traditional aplomb; gorgeous liveried royal servants, sleek-coated valets, and a couple of trumpeters were cavorting up and down the spacious corridors. It looked like a Boer surprise party.

As the prince and his reporter friends entered they were pounced upon by Lord Elgin and General Sir Colin Campbell, the civil and military governors of his Royal Highness.

"Eh, sir! an' wher' hae ye been?" ejaculated Sir Colin, in the broadest of Scotch. "My bairn, dinna ye know we've bin in the tiffle of a bother 'bout ye?"

"Your Royal Highness must be aware," said Lord Elgin, very seriously, "that you have committed—excuse the phrase, my prince—a very grave error in thus absenting yourself from the faithful guardianship of Sir Colin and myself."

"Excuse me, my lord," replied the Prince of Wales, "I do not understand that your presence in my retinue makes you the masters of all my movements."

"By no means," said Lord Elgin; "your movements are under your own discretion; but permit me, sir" (and the old lord drew himself up very stiffly), "to remind you that Sir Colin and myself are responsible with our heads to your royal mother for your safety."

"Well, my lords," responded the prince, genially, "your heads are now quite safe, thanks these American friends of mine."

"Py Gott!" exclaimed Sir Colin Campbell, "my own head feels more comfortable sin' I see your Royal Highness. But Gott d— these reporters."

The funniest part of the story remains to be told. When the carriages were ordered out for a drive both Thompson and Williams were told that they could not have a seat.

"Very well," said Doesticks, "we have a very nice story to tell, and it will be far more interesting than the prince's visit to Blackwell's Island."

"—n it!" cried Lord Elgin in a startled voice. "Surely you wouldn't print anything about that absurd escapade of his Royal Highness?"

"We would like to," responded the future major, "but we will be better pleased to go with the prince and remain silent regarding what you call an escapade."

They went all right, and during the prince's stay in New York City all of the other reporters wondered why Williams and Thompson seemed to have at all times the *entrée* to the royal circle.

Twenty years after, Major Williams found himself in London, and was invited to the famous Savage Club, where the Prince of Wales was the honored guest of the evening. When presented in turn the prince remarked that he was always very glad to meet American officers.

"I remember a time, sir," replied the major, "when you was ready to drink brandy-smashes with American friends," and he passed on.

The reception over, Major Williams was summoned to the prince's presence, when an explanation occurred. The prince was absurdly delighted at recalling the "escapade," and among the major's most valued treasures is a loving cup bearing the triple-feathered crest and the motto, "Ich Dien." H.

The Philippines a Commercial El Dorado.

THERE are well nigh countless millions of dollars that may be easily allured into American pockets in the Philippines. In the commercial sense of the phrase these millions are to be had for the asking. All that is necessary is for our merchants to study the tastes and needs of the natives of these far-Eastern colonies and to reap the financial results of this investigation. As many as possible of the innumerable chances for money-making in the Philippines have already been fully explained in *LESIE'S WEEKLY*, and many Americans have been inducted thereby into prosperous careers. The amazing fact, to any one thoroughly conversant with affairs in the islands, is that there has not been a stampede of American capital in that direction.

In a report recently published by the War Department, concerning the profitable opportunities that await both our large and our small investors in the Philippines, suggestions are made by Judge Taft and his associates of the commission that emphasize the possibilities of easy money-earning exploited in these columns more than a year ago. There is a demand at Manila and at other insular ports for every kind of American manufactured article that is suitable for use in the tropics. First among the difficulties of Philippine commerce have been the miserable harbor facilities of that great centre of distribution, Manila. The great bay there is hardly more sheltered than the open ocean, while the Pasig River affords moorage only to vessels of less than sixteen feet draught. All the larger vessels that enter the bay are compelled to anchor between Cavité and Manila, while the unloading is done by means of cascoes, native craft somewhat resembling our canal-boats and of an average capacity of twenty-five to forty tons. In rough weather the work of lightening into cascoes is necessarily abandoned. This delay in landing cargoes, however, will disappear in the near future, as Judge Taft's commission has recently appropriated a million dollars for the extension of the breakwater at the mouth of the Pasig and for the preliminary work of dredging.

At present, as the commission points out, heavy profits may be made by Americans who supply vessels of light draught for trade at Manila and all the other important ports in the islands. In the inter-island trade a monopoly is enjoyed by one Spanish steamship company which, under the provisions of the treaty with Spain, was permitted to secure American registry for its vessels. These craft, all of them small, and of correspondingly light draught, are able to enter harbors that are inaccessible to the average big American steamship. Nor is this inter-island trade to be lightly esteemed. Several heavily-capitalized American steamship companies can earn large dividends out of the increased trade that would speedily result from a reduction of the almost exorbitant and practically prohibitive freight and passenger rates established by the present Spanish monopoly. Brisk American methods, prompt delivery of cargoes, and decent accommodations for passengers, would also do much to increase the value of every kind of American investment in the commerce of the islands.

Immediate wealth awaits the man or corporation that first supplies these islands with half a dozen big, strong tug-boats of the kind familiar in all American ports. There are no craft of the sort at this time in any of the harbors of the group. All towing is done by puny boats that are nothing more than launches. And even in the matter of launches for harbor passenger traffic, and for the landing of freight in very shallow harbors, there is an amount of work to be done that would profitably employ scores of such little vessels.

Nor is transportation any less needed on land. While the subject of steam railways and local electric traction will have to await the slow, cautious investigation of big investors, there are chances for many fortunes to be won by men and corporations of smaller means who can supply cheap and effective portable tramways for hauling crops across the fields of great plantations. At present the moving of rice, tobacco, and sugar-cane is done either on the backs of Chinese coolies or in cumbersome carts drawn by sluggish water-buffaloes.

American drugs and chemicals, according to the commission, are in considerable demand in the Philippines, though German firms are serious competitors in this line. But the commission's report fails to give due weight to the excellent opportunities for the establishment of American drug-stores. Nothing more useless than the native *farmacia*, or apothecary shop, can be imagined. An English firm, with headquarters at Hong-Kong, now practically controls the intelligent trade of the islands, but progressive American methods would capture this trade and vastly increase it. There is great profit for a real American drug-store in any Philippine city of 20,000 inhabitants or upwards.

Lack of cheap coal is all that prevents the development of the fine iron ores of the islands. According to Judge Taft and his associates, American coal could be sold very profitably if shipped direct from San Francisco, but this statement needs verification, and would seem to be based on the mistaken idea that coal sells at nearly New York prices in San Francisco, whereas in the latter city the price of coal is inordinately high. Good coal for the Philippines can be had from Japan at prices that would defy any outside competition. But only transportation is needed to make Philippine coal a factor in the Orient. The native product is inferior, though equal to all needs, while lignite abounds.

American cotton is a staple for which the commission sees a bright future. German white cloth and prints now have the call, but they are poor goods. Both American cloth and the raw staple are wanted at Manila. Leather of every kind, so tanned as to resist dampness as much as possible, is always in demand, the wonder being that our otherwise enterprising exporters in this line are so sleepy over the great possibilities that centre at Manila. I have seen natives pay soldiers the original cost price for discarded American shoes. Yet it is almost impossible to find American shoes in the stores along the Escolta.

American jewelry and watches, which should be of decidedly showy designs, are wanted by every native who is able to pay for them. All manner of ingenious American electrical machinery and supplies have a waiting market. Musical instruments, those of wood being constructed to resist dampness, have only to be displayed to find ready buyers, for no people on earth are greater lovers of music than the Filipinos. Dealers in agricultural tools can find fortunes ready for the gathering in any part of the islands. There are nearly 70,000,000 acres of public lands, and already applications from American investors show that the Philippines will soon be one of the great farming sections of the world. Once Congress grants the necessary authorization for selling the public lands there will be a rush of American agricultural capital, to the benefit of nearly every other line of trade. Aside from rice, tobacco, and cotton, Indian corn will grow in nearly every part of the Philippines. In central Luzon it will ripen in eight weeks from the day of planting.

Alluring, indeed, are the chances of money-making for the American who will go to Manila or Iloilo with funds enough to buy native products for export. It would not require great capital, for instance, to go into the business of buying the exquisite patterns of *piña* lace, which is at present unknown in this country, but is highly appreciated in Europe. Who, in America, has seen the delicate, filmy, wonderfully beautiful fabrics known as *piña* and *jusi* cloth? Yet these shimmering goods, made in great variety of hues and designs, would delight American women, who are always in search of something wholly novel for evening costumes and fleecy summer dresses.

Costly woods, with mahogany at the head of the list, and many others now unknown in this country, offer a field of export worth millions in profits every year. A long list of essential oils is distilled in the islands, and this industry can be enlarged to any extent. Cigars that will appeal to the average smoker as superior to the ordinary brands of Havana cigars can be bought at wholesale in Manila for less than one cent apiece. A thoroughly effective introduction of these "weeds" in the United States would result in the building up of a business of many millions of dollars annually. As a logical sequence this would entail the growing of much more Philippine tobacco, which, in turn, would provide a valuable opening for Americans who are ready to embark in tobacco-growing.

With Manila as their commercial centre, the Philippines offer chances for investment that cannot be even remotely approached to day in this country. Our far-Eastern islands, for the purposes of securing sudden wealth, are the new El Dorado, the certain Golconda. But it requires some capital to win success there. For mere labor there is at present no opening.

H. IRVING HANCOCK.

Why China Is Never Conquered.

Two remarkable assertions in regard to the character and government of Asiatic races are made by Mr. Meredith Townsend in an article in the *Contemporary* for February. One is that no Western Power has ever been able to permanently hold and successfully govern any Asiatic country. Another is that every religious creed which has really helped to mould the thoughts of mankind has had its origin in Asia.

Examined in the light of accepted history these assertions would seem to be based upon exact truth. From the days of Alexander of Macedon down to modern times, one European monarch or general after another has endeavored to carve out a new empire for himself and his following on Asiatic soil. Some have succeeded for a time, as did Alexander, but their tenure has been brief. In every instance the rule of the alien has been soon shaken off. Vast amounts of blood and treasure have been expended in these efforts of the West to conquer and hold the East, but all have been in vain. Thus it was with the Greeks, after them the Romans, and later still the Byzantine Emperors. Then came the Crusaders, but the kingdoms of Jerusalem and Antioch, with all the strength and splendor which chivalry and feudalism could give them, soon fell away and perished.

In like manner does history verify the truth as to the origin of the systems of religion which have secured the strongest hold upon the minds of men, and most powerfully influenced the life of the race. Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, the three dominant religions in the world to-day, all sprang from Eastern soil. The elaborate mythologies of Greece and Rome, the Druidic faith of the British Isles, the creed that centred round the Thor and Odin of the Norse legends, all these have faded out and left no trace behind save in song and story.

The deductions to be drawn from these facts are practical and weighty. The nations of the West, including America, are once more trying to establish their rule in the East, once more trying to bring into subjection various Asiatic races. The question is, Will they succeed now any more than they did in the past? Mr. Meredith Townsend thinks not. He believes that history will repeat itself here, and that complete and ignominious failure will be written, as before, over these efforts to graft Occidental government upon an Oriental stock. The reasons for this belief he deduces partly from the facts of religious history we have mentioned, and also from the moral, social, and intellectual separateness of the Asiatics. In his view these things have fixed a great and seemingly impassable gulf between the peoples of the West and of the East, making it almost impossible for them to come to any mutual understanding, or for the one to rule the other in wisdom, justice, and security. Mr. Townsend's argument along this line is so striking that we cannot forbear quoting a passage:

The truth is, the European is essentially secular—that is, intent on securing objects he can see; and the Asiatic essentially religious—that is, intent on obedience to powers which he cannot see but can imagine. We call these thoughts "superstitions," and no doubt many of them are silly as well as baseless, but still they are attempts to think about the unseen which the European usually avoids. The European, therefore, judges a creed by its results, declaring that if these are foolish or evil or inconvenient the creed is false. The Asiatic does not consider results at all, but only the accuracy or beauty of the thoughts generated in his own mind. . . . There is also in the Asiatic mind a special political and a special social idea. It is not by accident that the European desires self-government, and the Asiatic to be governed by an absolute will. The European holds government to be an earthly business which he may manage as well as another, if only he is competent, and

accordingly he either governs himself directly, or he frames a series of laws which nobody, not even the king, is at liberty to break through. The German Emperor is pretty absolute, but he could no more will a man's death than the Lord Mayor could. Every independent Asiatic sovereign can so will, and be obeyed. The Asiatic, in fact, holds that power is divine, and that a good king ought to be enabled to "crush the bad and nourish the good," to use the Brahmin formula, without check or hinderance.

The force and validity of this reasoning cannot be denied. Neither can its applicability to conditions now confronting the world in the Orient. It deserves the profound consideration of all who are interested in the extension of empire in that quarter of the world, whether they belong to the so-called imperialist party or not.

One point brought up in the discussion of these questions is specially valuable in the suggestion it affords as to the way that we may possibly avoid a repetition of history in the efforts we are making to establish our rule in the Philippines. It is that the only plan by which Western government may be made tolerable to an Eastern people is that where the latter are made to feel that they at least get the benefit of low taxation. Light taxation, it is said, is the antiseptic of empire by a foreign race. The masses in all Oriental countries have been doomed through all ages to hard labor and to poverty. That form of government which most lightens their financial burdens is most likely to gain their allegiance, even though it is administered by hated aliens.

This is the secret of the measurable success of British government in India, and the strongest guarantee of its permanency. The British also have followed the rule of interfering as little as possible with the social and religious systems of the Indian people, and have refrained even from trying to influence them in these directions. The British make no permanent homes in India; they do not colonize. The people are left, in the largest possible measure, to themselves. It seems clear that if we are ever to establish peaceful and harmonious relations with the Philippine races it will only be by following the wise and tactful policy thus outlined, by a frank recognition of the great racial differences existing between us and making full allowances for them in the system of government we seek to impose.

L. A. M.

Foreign Trade Notes.

A LARGE demand for coal and for bottles of American manufacture exists in Ireland, according to the statements of Mr. Malcolm T. Brice, vice-consul at Belfast. He speaks of several requests he has received from Belfast firms to place them in communication with American manufacturers of ginger-ale bottles, the intention being to import large quantities of bottles if the prices were favorable. Referring to similar requests in regard to coal, Mr. Brice says: "If an opportunity of this character be grasped immediately, it means the opening up of a magnificent trade, which, in time, will prove a great boon to American coal exporters, through their ability to compete successfully in both price and quality with local dealers."

The increasing scarcity and consequent high prices of coal in various parts of Europe seem to have given a new stimulus to the search for cheap-fuel substitutes. A short time ago it was reported that a new industry was springing up in Austria in the conversion of common sawdust into fuel-bricks. In France it is said that a similar use has been found for the slag and other waste of furnaces. Later than any of these is the report of one of our consuls in Germany to the effect that a workman near Mannheim has invented a substitute for coal which costs only about twenty-five cents per 220 pounds to manufacture. Peat is the basis, with the addition of certain chemicals, which are the secret of the inventor. Persons who have seen the product burn say that it gives a great heat, burns with a bright flame, and leaves no slag and only a small quantity of white ash. A partnership has been formed for the manufacture of the article; twenty-five acres of peat land have been bought, and business will begin at once.

WHEN you use bitters see that the label says, "Abbott's." There is but one best—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists' and grocers'.

The Highest Standard

of excellence is demanded from the beginning to the end of the production of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—a system maintained for forty years. Never buy unknown brands.

A Sensible Summer.

A WAY TO OBTAIN THE GREATEST BENEFIT FROM THE LEAST MONEY.

A LITTLE woman went to a certain Chautauqua resort last summer, and experienced a most economical and cheerful way of living. She was at that time in a debilitated condition with poor digestion, which made it imperative that she have the right kind of food, and yet such that was nourishing and strengthening. "So I took an equipment of fresh, crisp Grape-Nuts. During that summer I lived on Grape-Nuts with a little cream or milk, and some ripe fruit such as I could procure.

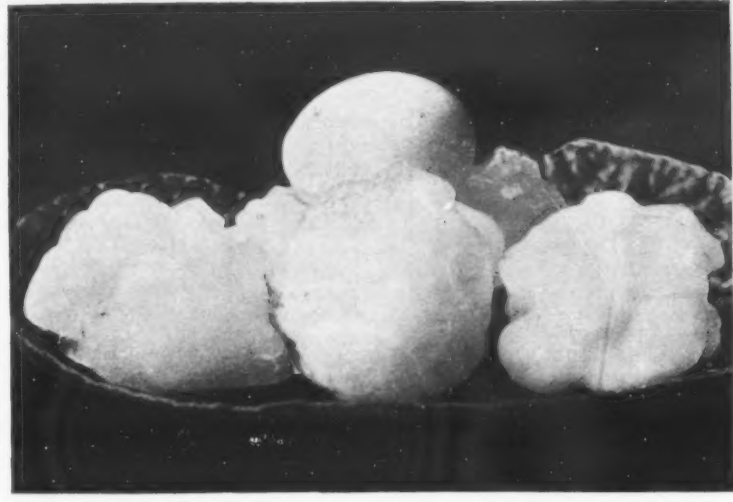
"Many meals were made of delicious Grape-Nuts alone. I experienced a peculiar clearness of intellect, and a bodily endurance never known before on the old-time diet of meat, biscuits, butter, etc.

"It was a continual delight, the healthy way of living, combined with simplicity, economy, and the highest utility, incurring no restaurant or board bill, and returning, at the end of the summer, with money in my pocket, realizing that I had lived sumptuously every day, for I had lived on the most perfect food known, and was renewed in health, strength, and mental power, and had acquired a complexion so clear and fresh-tinted that I was termed a picture of health, and felt myself to be a happy woman."

She lives at Monmouth, Ill. Name given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



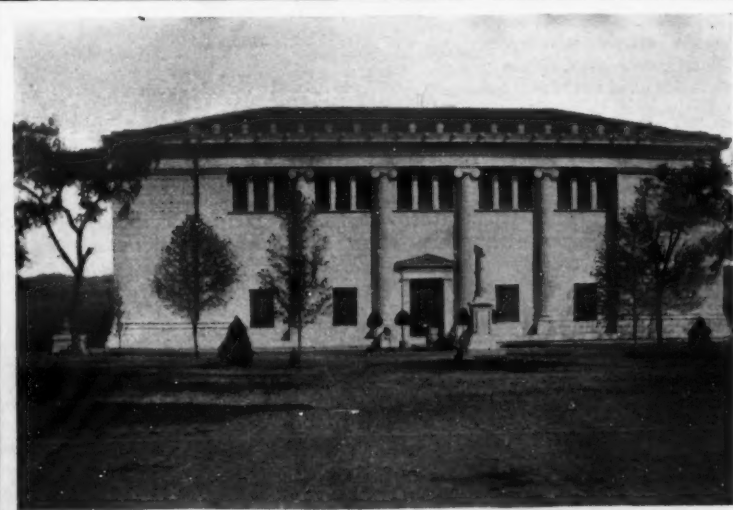
(THE PRIZE-WINNER.) CURIOUS GROWTH OF THE FAMOUS SILK-COTTON TREE, NASSAU, N. P.—*L. H. Schultz, New York.*



HAILSTONES LARGER THAN A HEN'S EGG, WHICH FELL LAST SUMMER AT ALLIANCE, NEB.—THE EGG PHOTOGRAPHED WAS OF AVERAGE SIZE. *W. T. Caldwell, Alliance, Neb.*



A GALA-DAY AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.—OPENING OF THE FAMOUS PONCE DE LEON, JANUARY 16TH.—*Howard M. Smith, St. Augustine.*



WEST POINT MEMORIAL HALL, THE GIFT OF GENERAL CULLOM, DEDICATED LAST JUNE.—*Joseph O'Neil, Highland Falls, N. Y.*



CLAM FISHERMEN ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER DIGGING FOR PEARL-BUTTON CLAMS. *George Nattinger, Lyons, Ia.*

OUR AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—NEW YORK WINS.

(SEE OFFERS OF VARIOUS SPECIAL PRIZES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.)

The Strange Story of Aram Keram Deram Minassian.

A True Narrative of Life Among the Insurgents in the Philippines.

By SYDNEY ADAMSON.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

"Ah, yes, sir, they are true, all these things that I have told you; but I beg of you, I entreat you, not to publish them; about my uncle the archbishop, and my brother, who is an officer in the Sultan's palace, I do not mind; but the rest, I beg of you—really it is not this story. Why do you want to know where I was born, and all the strange lands where I have traveled—what I have done in these past years? Why have I told you all these things, sir? It would seem as if I must tell you in spite of myself, but you will respect my wishes, will you not? I beg of you. Is it not sufficient that I am now an American and a soldier?"

He sat in a deep armchair, utterly prostrated. His nerve was gone, and a wild, hunted look would come over his face at each fresh burst of memory. His body was bent, and he limped from the awful beating with insurgent guns. The lamp-light fell upon his pale, thin face, a true Armenian type. The dark eyes would glow like coal, as all the wild vehemence of his Oriental temper would rise in impotent rage at the suffering he had endured; then he would sink back, exhausted and panting, his eyelids drooping, the weak nerves trying to control the tumult within. We sat long into the night, and on until the cocks were crowing and the lamp sputtered in protest, and then the story was not finished.

"You will remember, sir, as I told you, I came here as a private in the United States army, and was for some time engaged in hospital-corps work—but let us pass over that and begin where I volunteered to go within the insurgent lines."

"It was not the first time that he had been through their ranks," chipped in my friend, who was lying in pajamas on the wicker bed in the corner. "Don't you remember Minassian, that time when we were short of eggs, how you went to Macabebetown and had to run for your life, and—"

"Yes,"—for the first time he smiled, he laughed gleefully—"yes, I remember; and the way that old fellow tried to cheat me. But I got the eggs, even though I did have to run away!"

"Well, sir, I will tell you. In August, while I was in San Fernando, I heard many things rumored among the people; and knowing Tagalog, and even then a little Pampanga. I listened and thought of a way to realize my hopes; perhaps I might help General MacArthur, and in my heart I had always wanted to please Colonel Bell. We all liked Colonel Bell; not a man of the scouts but would follow him anywhere. To see him right before the enemy, so cool and quiet, telling us what to do, showing us how foolish they were; a man might be afraid a moment before, but he would be steady now—it was wonderful, wonderful!"

"The rains were very bad then, and the roads were swales of mud, but I went often among the natives and heard what they said. Yes, often I heard them boast and say, 'The American pigs are fools too; we can hoodwink them so easily; yesterday a *coronel* was in the town, and the day before two *tenientes* (lieutenants) and dozens of soldiers, and the American fools do not know; how could they know? Do we wear insignias and carry our swords? Oh, no; we are bull-drivers, or selling eggs, or we are poor men and afraid of the *insurrectos*.' I listened to all this, but held my tongue, for I was thinking how I could use it all."

"One night I went to a sugar-mill to visit a man who was a friend, though his relations were spies. It was very dark in the mill, and I could but dimly see the figures of the natives as they sat around talking. My friend was not there, but another native whom I knew was sitting among the rest. He was a Katipunian and hated all Americans. I had all along passed as a Frenchman to these people, and now I spoke against the Americans and drew them on to talk. I told them that I was only an interpreter in the hospital, but would leave that and go to sell things in the insurgent camp if I could only get some letters as a safe passport. In the dim candle-light I watched them and saw the wicked light in their Malay faces; it was not only *la libertad* that they fought for; the blood of the pirates and cruelty of the savage would rise in their hearts and glow in their eyes. We talked low and I felt a certain nervousness, for my desires were fathoming a scheme and I had many things to arrange. The Katipunian told of the wonderful trenches at Mabalaat; of the great preparations to meet the coming foe; and declared that no earthly power could take that place, that there the Americans would stop and never advance another foot. A Frenchman who sold jewelry to the soldiers in camp sat among the group. I passed for his cousin, and speaking French as easily as my native tongue the deception was complete. I cheated those cunning wretches with a cunning greater than their own."

"The Katipunian grew exultant and told us the latest news from the insurgent government. I watched the shadows moving in the darkness of the mill as the candle flickered, and listened to these wonderful things. The French were coming, an alliance had been formed; already the cruisers were on the way. Twenty million dollars had been advanced to the Filipino government by the French republic, and the game was won! Surely the Americans would be stopped at Mabalaat!"

"By and by it was all arranged, and I had my permission to try for information within the insurgent

lines, and in my pocket a letter from Carlos Kerr, of San Fernando, to his nephew Antonio Dominguez, of Tanquin; and—yes, I must confess it—the papers of a French citizen, God forgive me!"

"On August 28th, 1899, at 7.15 A.M., I left San Fernando, P. I., with some merchandise, in company with Commandante Nicolas de Castro, of the insurgent army, and, passing the insurgent outposts somewhere near Porac, we entered the town. The roads were deep mud and the two bulls could barely drag the cart over the mire. The *commandante* had found a road from San Fernando which, for some reason, had no American guard. We got entirely free without incident and reached Porac about one o'clock. There we met another *commandante*, a ridiculous fellow who showed off his uniform and himself, and invited admiration when his soldiers drilled. We rested here for three hours and resumed our journey, arriving by nightfall at Tanquin, Dolores, where I inquired for the residence of Antonio Dominguez, and we went straight to the place and entered."

"It was a great *camarin*, or warehouse, in horrible confusion, and for the moment the home of at least six families whose possessions were strewn about in disorder or packed ready for flight. Women and children were squabbling, chickens wandered among the filth, and pigs rolled under the benches; dishes were lying on the floor, and the air was filled with smoke from the wood fires. I asked for Antonio Dominguez. His wife, an untidy, dirty woman, with an infant sagging in her arms, came and ordered us to wait outside till he came. We were very angry and disgusted, but in half an hour Dominguez came, and, reading my letter from his uncle, Carlos Kerr, he made us welcome in a friendly way and gave us food, which consisted of eggs and rice, all they had. Commandante de Castro stayed there with me that night. As I lay down and thought over the events of the day, I found much to congratulate myself upon, but was anxious to know how General Mascardo would receive me when Dominguez presented me in the morning. How I have cursed that man Dominguez, and how little did I dream then that he was the spy of General Mascardo! And poor old Carlos Kerr, kind old man, he knew nothing; he never thought of handing me over to a traitor!"

"In the morning, about eight o'clock, Antonio Dominguez took me to the headquarters of General Mascardo, where we were received by his adjutant-general, Mariano Conannan. He was very brusque and demanded my business in a peremptory voice. I told him that I was a merchant who had come with goods to sell, which were canned meats and the like, and in return to buy horses. He answered very sharply that I should know better; that it was forbidden to take anything of use, such as horses, to the enemy's lines. Without allowing me a moment to reply he called, '*Vamos los guardes*,' and to my terror I found myself their prisoner! I would not give way to my fears so soon, and while inwardly quaking with apprehension I put a brave face on it. Turning to him I said, with great presence of mind, '*No save usted que yo soy Francés*' ('Do you not know that I am a Frenchman?') 'and,' I added, 'that I have my passports in my pocket?'"

"He looked astonished. I produced my papers and he set me free with many apologies. You cannot tell my feelings; at the very outset my troubles were beginning. Ah, sir, what I have suffered! and the wreck that I am!—forgive me—yes, I will go on with the story. I was still fearful of their intentions, and to further prove myself their friend I produced a letter which I had obtained to Gonzaga, Aguinaldo's minister, then at Tarlac. The adjutant took it to an inner room to General Mascardo, while I waited in the deepest anxiety. Everything seemed to be changing. I felt just what I cannot express in words, but it seemed that trouble was brewing, and yet I could not take a look, or a word, and say that it was a sign against me. At last the adjutant-general returned—perhaps it was not a long time that I had waited, but it seemed so to me, in my anxiety. He told me that the general would have me stay in the town until a telegram had been sent to Aguinaldo and a reply obtained; but that so far I was in no way a prisoner."

"I was immensely relieved and, had I dared, would have hurried from the place, but I was afraid to do it, so I waited and talked with Conannan and Dominguez. In a while my nerves grew more calm, and my fears seemed to me to be unnecessary. Then Mascardo came out and said, '*Buenos dias*,' and asked me to join them at breakfast. Then my fears returned. He meant to question me, and without thinking of the effect in my disfavor, I declined but thanked him, and on the invitation of Dominguez I returned with him to his *camarin*, leaving Commandante Nicolas de Castro to breakfast with the general. We had no sooner reached the *camarin* than Dominguez changed his demeanor to me and drew apart with the rest. I could hear them talking against me, and I began to hate him for the traitor and cur that he proved to be."

"The day wore on and I had leisure to think of my situation. I soon discovered that in the night the *commandante* who had slept beside me had stolen my watch and my penknife, and I wondered what our Senators and the 'antis' would think of these wonderful people, whose officers of rank stole from their traveling com-

panions! I soon realized that, in spite of Mascardo's assurance to the contrary, I was really a prisoner, and Dominguez was my keeper. That night the wretched families gathered their goods together and decamped in haste next morning. I knew that it meant a movement of the American troops, and in spite of the wild boasting of the Katipunian these miserable people were already fleeing in anticipation of defeat. I was left alone in the *camarin*, but the hope of escape died when I saw that the door was guarded by two bolomen!"

"In the afternoon my jailer, Dominguez, arrived, bringing with him a young lieutenant, Baldazar d'Ocampo. Dominguez said that the lieutenant was sick, and this was the only place for him to live. It was a lie, but Dominguez always lied and d'Ocampo was worse; he was a fiend, a devil! I cannot think of that man and all the insults and torment that he heaped on me without boiling—oh, it was terrible!"

He sank back on the chair, his weakened frame trembling with emotion, and with a hate that would kill in his eyes. Soon he grew calmer and resumed:

"At night they took me up to the loft in the roof to sleep. All day I had eaten only a little bad rice, the stinking fish I could not look at. To Dominguez and d'Ocampo it was all a great joke, and the more my misery showed in my face, the more they insulted me and enjoyed. D'Ocampo took the small grip which contained the few things I had with me (Mariano Conannan having bought my canned goods, taking care to get a receipt from me for double the money he paid) and scattered them on the floor."

"And then he began to choose for himself and Dominguez, mocking me with his laughter. He picked up a shirt and said, 'And so our friend has a clean shirt, eh, Dominguez? A clean shirt is a good thing to have, and it will sit well on my back, thank you not so, Dominguez? Do you think the señor will object to my wearing his shirt? It will keep the moth out! I wonder if it will fit'—here he plunged into the shirt—'oh, perfect! Most comfortable! It was kind of you, señor, to bring me this present.' I sat by the dim light in helpless anger, exhausted by the anxiety of the day. Then they ordered me to lie down. And, 'just in case the *ladrones* should come,' as d'Ocampo said, each took a bolo and laid it on the floor, one on each side of me, and the two lay down by their weapons. To make it more comfortable, Antonio Dominguez produced a revolver, which he kept within easy reach. And then they talked over me. D'Ocampo wondered if they would kill me soon, and whether they would shoot me, or if I would be starved first! But at last they grew tired, and, wearied with anxiety and sick at heart, I fell asleep."

"For seven weary days they kept me in this place, with little food, and that devil d'Ocampo mocking me till my brain began to reel and I wished that they would kill me or leave me alone. The days dragged out and at night I lay between the men and the bolos and fell asleep with their taunts in my ears. I do not remember the days, sir; no, there was nothing to mark the time till the fourth or the fifth day, and then the vicar, who was passing, saw me by the door, and the kind old man spoke to me and said I ought to be free. He went away giving me his blessing. It was the first bit of kindness that had been shown me and it brought the tears to my eyes. I shall never forget his words, God bless him!"

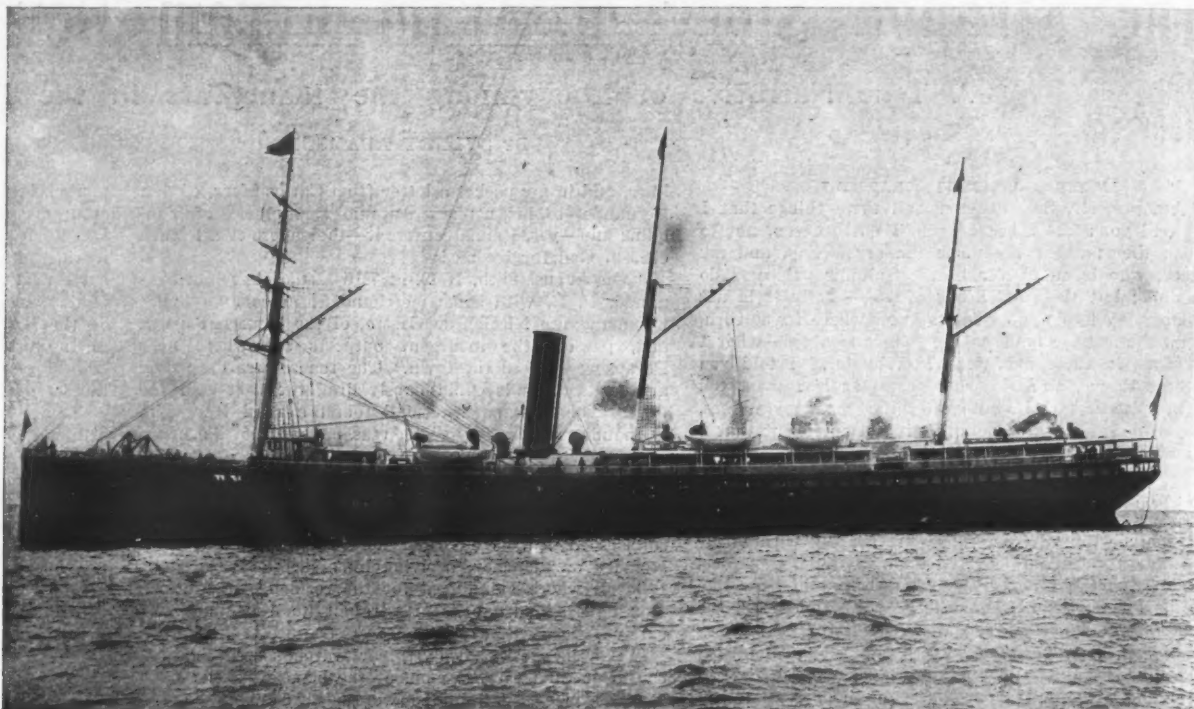
"Some more days dragged on, and it may have been on the seventh day that a strange thing happened. D'Ocampo came to me in a manner different from his usual jesting cruelty and told me that Antonio Dominguez had arranged an attempt on my life! I cannot tell the weakness that overpowered me, and the dread that I had of Dominguez; but d'Ocampo revolted me too, and I knew not where to turn! And yet, he may not have been such a bad man; he at least warned me. But, as you will see, Dominguez was not clever, and the attempt failed. D'Ocampo told me that a bath in the river was to be suggested, and in some way I was to drown. Do you not see, sir, the diabolical ingenuity of the plan? Mascardo would call it an accident; Aguinaldo could say nothing; and Dominguez would have sated his lust for blood and cruelty! I waited with the dread of death hanging over me. Dominguez came one day, and, in a fawning manner, as if considering my comfort, suggested that a bath in the river would do me good. I refused. Another time the suggestion was made, but again I refused and soon after became unconscious. When I awoke I knew that I had been drugged—yes, drugged in my food—and then I saw what the fiend had meant. He put a drug in my food that was timed to overcome me in the water!"

"It may have been that night, or a night later, I cannot tell, but we were all aroused by the sound of horsemen coming in haste, and soon Mariano Conannan came with soldiers, and servants bearing lanterns, bringing news that meant for me, at least, a reprieve, release from this hole, in which they were doing me to death."

"Letters had been received from Aguinaldo and Gonzaga, requesting good treatment for me and demanding that I be sent to Tarlac at once, accompanied by an officer not wearing side-arms. I arose instantly and started in the darkness of early morning with a wonderful hope that my life would be spared. Gonzaga would help me and I had always heard that Aguinaldo treated his prisoners well, and then I dared to hope—perhaps—



THE LATE ROUNSEVILLE WILDMAN,
CONSUL-GENERAL AT HONG-KONG.



PACIFIC MAIL-STEAMER "RIO DE JANEIRO," WRECKED IN THE HARBOR OF SAN FRANCISCO,
FEBRUARY 22D.

perhaps I would not be a prisoner! As I rode along in the coolness of approaching dawn I did not want to die; my prison was behind me and the world in front.

"The adjutant-general had entirely changed and now showed me every courtesy, riding for an hour by my side to see me safely on the way. I shall never forget that strange ride and the queer talk of this man, a fair specimen of the insurgent officer of the better class, which class so many people in America think capable of setting up a government worthy of recognition by civilized Powers. Almost the first thing he asked me was about the position of Bryan in America, but he did not wait for an answer, he went on and told of how the American people were all in favor of the insurgents, that soon McKinley would lose his power and Bryan would make them free. Then he asked me about the redskins, if they were very fierce—he had heard that they were here to fight. In all seriousness he wanted to know if the negroes were savages too, and if it were true that they roasted babies! And then he told me in simple earnest of the twenty million dollars which France had advanced to the cause, and that it was now coming on the gun-boat *Peaurouge*. Next it was Dewey. Him he considered their worst enemy, for he had promised *la libertad*, and gone back on his promise. And so on he talked. I answered as best I could without appearing to know too much or arouse his suspicion. At last we parted. On leaving he gave me his hand and said frankly: 'I have spoken to you, señor, as a friend; I do not know whether you are an American sympathizer or not. *Adios!*' And so we parted, while I, accompanied by d'Ocampo, rode on toward Mabalacat.

"As the day cleared we grew hungry and stopped in a *barrido* for rest and food. It was in the house of an insurgent colonel that we rested, and a soldier was sent for chickens, rice, and eggs, which the colonel's wife cooked for us. Then we rode on to Mabalacat. I soon discovered that we were to go by rail to Tarlac. On arriving at the station we found a group of Spanish prisoners waiting to be moved on when the train came. The poor fellows were sick and their clothes were in rags. One of them saw my position and out of a kind heart wanted to help me. D'Ocampo had gone to talk with the station guard, seemingly careless of his charge, but knowing well enough the impossibility of my escape. This Spaniard sidled up to me, pretending to be engrossed with something else, and when near enough, without looking at me, in a low voice he whispered that there were Filipinos here as spies for the Americans; perhaps I could speak to them—it might help me. In my heart I knew how good he was, but I put on a brave air and said, 'What do I want with spies? I am a Frenchman and a merchant with passports through their lines; what are spies to me?' He looked crushed and went away as he had come. As I stood and watched the glistening metal of the tracks I ruminated sadly that one way they led to Manila, the other way to Tarlac, and—to what beyond? Would that my train were Manila-bound! But I had to put these thoughts from me and soon we were steaming on our way to Tarlac.

"No, sir; it is hard for me to tell what I thought then. I felt very little taste for being a hero; it all seemed unreal, and yet, there sat d'Ocampo—yes, truly we were bound for the insurgent capital. Soon I would stand before the man whose name is spoken round the world every day and who yet defies America to catch him. The journey was without much interest, except that the Spanish prisoner who had spoken to me on the platform traveled in the same compartment as d'Ocampo and myself. To my horror he would insist on trying to attract my attention, when he thought d'Ocampo was not observing, but I remained cold and pretended not to see him, though he angered me by his ill-timed friendship. It was evening, about seven o'clock, when we arrived in Tarlac, and went down a long, broad street with native

houses on each side. At last we came to a square with a church, and over from the church we entered a building, which I knew at once, from the guard and the sentries and the people who came and went, must be the headquarters of Aguinaldo. D'Ocampo took me up the stairs and across a passage to an inner room, from which opened other rooms, and for a time I waited here.

"I had been hoping that here I should meet Gonzaga, and that he would prove my deliverer, but I was disappointed. It was arranged with Aguinaldo's adjutant-general that I should be taken to the military quarters under General Macabulus. While they were talking I went to the door of a room, and there, reclining on a cane couch, I saw Aguinaldo. He looked up and smiled pleasantly, in a reassuring manner, but said nothing to me. He went on with his business. One of his aides-de-camp, a young, bright-looking fellow, stood by him. The secretary of the interior, a short, stout man of about fifty, sat near, and they were all busy. Telegrams were arriving, and the sharp ringing of the telephone bell continually broke in on the talk. At last I was taken to the military quarters, where the other American prisoners were, but I had a place separate from the rest. Permission had been given me to go and see Gonzaga, and, accompanied by two soldiers as a guard, I went to his house; but the guard stayed outside and I had a chance to talk to this kind old man. He was wearing one of those white tunics without a collar, much like pajamas. In the quiet lamp-light we talked of all that was passing.

"Secretly he told me—for somehow we trusted each other—that he knew the game was hopeless, and that they could never prevail against the Americans, but it was more than his life was worth to whisper this in Aguinaldo's camp. And so some in ignorant hopefulness, some for their own ends, others out of a spirit of adventure and love of fighting, would go on to the last, while a few like himself, of better judgment, more advanced in years, would be compelled, even with a heavy heart, to stay with this retreating government; helpless to aid it, and losing all that they had, yet powerless to escape lest they forfeit life in trying it. I told him the truth and threw myself on his mercy. He promised to help me all that he could, on the morrow, when I should be brought before the court—not to appear to befriend me or to take action against the judgment of others, but quietly, without seeming to, to make light of the matter and influence them in my favor. And he kept his word, the kind old fellow—yes, sir, Gonzaga is a gentleman and he kept his word—to the letter!

"In the morning I was taken before Aguinaldo and a court of officers. Aguinaldo had the same calm, pleasant look, and Gonzaga was there, but seemed as if he had never seen me before. It was soon over and—I was free! I could not believe it. I could have jumped for joy, but I dared not show it. I could have thrown my arms around old Gonzaga and embraced him before them all, but, burning with joy and feverish to get away, I controlled myself and went off calmly, till I was away from them all.

"But oh, sir, it was all over too soon! Fate had not yet done with me. I was only near the beginning of my troubles. I went off as light-hearted as a school-boy, to get the little grip that I had left at the military prison. Heavens! is it not these little trivial things that are our undoing? If I had lost it, pity that d'Ocampo had not stolen all I had, the grip too; but there, I forget myself. I must be calm."

He rested a moment with his eyes shut, his thin hands clinched. Outside in the silent street I heard a sentry shout his sudden "Halt! who goes there?" Around the lamp clouds of mosquitoes were buzzing and I noticed for the first time that my hands were spotted with their blisters.

He opened his eyes—"Yes, let me get through with it; it was then that the terrible things began to happen

to me. I went to the military quarters, and before I could reach my room or get my grip a great blustering American soldier, drunk on *rino*, blundered over to me. I can hardly tell it calmly, I hardly know how it all happened. With a drunken leer he began to sneer at me: 'I wasn't an 'Merican, oh no! not me—wasn't a shipy—either, I suppose.' I was a fool, I know it, sir, but think of the anxiety and the mental torture that I had endured! Instead of coldly ignoring him, or asking the guard to take the fellow away, I lost my head; I lost my temper; inwardly I was confused; the truth of his drunken chance statements rankled in my mind, and I turned on him with guilt, confusion, and anger in my face, and the terror that I should again be taken shaking my whole being. I was speechless and powerless. It was one of those moments when, from man to man, an understanding goes like a flash; the guards heard and saw, and like a flash they understood. I picked up my grip and went; no one held me back; but the sunshine had gone out of the air, and a dull sense of disaster had settled on my spirits."

(To be continued.)

An Appalling Ocean Disaster.

THE first great ocean horror of the new century occurred in the early morning of February 22d in the harbor of San Francisco. The Pacific mail-steamer *Rio de Janeiro*, from Hong-Kong and Honolulu, on its way into port that morning struck a rock just outside the Golden Gate and went down in fifteen minutes. There was a heavy fog at the time and the vessel was out of its course. Nearly all on board were asleep when the crash came, and a wild panic ensued. The suddenness with which the ship went down prevented the launching of the small boats. Out of a total of two hundred and eight persons on board about one hundred and twenty-eight were lost. Many of the latter were Chinamen, who were in the steerage. Captain Ward, the commander, is said to have locked himself in his cabin after the vessel struck, and he was not seen again.

The *Rio de Janeiro* is a total wreck. She was valued at between \$800,000 and \$900,000 and had a cargo valued at about \$200,000. The insurance on the vessel was over \$400,000. In the last fifty years the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has lost twenty-one of its fleet. On one of these, the *Golden Gate*, which foundered off the coast of Mexico in 1862, three hundred passengers lost their lives. The *Rio de Janeiro* was built at the Roach ship-yard and was launched on March 6th, 1878. She was not provided with water-tight bulkheads, according to more modern and improved plans, a fact which helps to explain why she went down so quickly.

Among the cabin passengers who were drowned were Consul-General Rounseville Wildman, of Hong-Kong, his wife and two children. They were put into a small boat soon after the vessel struck, but a falling mast cut their boat in two and all perished. Consul-General Wildman has figured prominently during the troubles in the East since 1898, first in the Philippine war and later in the outbreak in China. His position as chief representative of the United States government at Hong-Kong threw many heavy responsibilities upon him in connection with these troubles, all of which he discharged with promptness, energy, and rare ability. He had been granted leave of absence and was on his way to America with his family when death overtook them all.

Mr. Wildman was a native of Batavia, N. Y., the son of a Methodist minister. He was graduated at Syracuse University and soon after became editor of a daily at Boise City, Idaho. He was appointed consul at Singapore by President Harrison, in 1889, and after that at Barmen, Germany. He was made consul at Hong-Kong in 1895 and was raised to the rank of consul-general in 1898. He married a niece of Senator Stewart, of Nevada.



CORRIDOR IN THE "HALL OF DISTINCTION" OF THE HAVANA JAIL, IN WHICH THE FAVORED PRISONERS EXERCISE



NEELY'S CELL IN HAVANA JAIL.

A Sensational Trial at Havana.

No other case has come up in connection with our stay in Cuba that involves such tremendously sensational aspects as does the affair of Charles F. W. Neely, the accused post-office official who is now in Cuba listening for the crack of doom. Neely is accused of diverting several hundred thousand dollars to his own advantage. The most specific charge is that he secured postage stamps to the value of \$390,000, which he was ordered to destroy, and that he burned dummy packages in their place. If make-believe packets of stamps were burned, the accused man declares, the fraud was committed in Washington, and not by himself.

Mr. Neely is now confined in the *carcel*, or jail, at Havana. It is an imposing building, of typical Spanish architecture, and suggesting very slightly the style of prison building with which we are acquainted in this country. Yet within are some of the most uncomfortable dungeons to be found in the world. The American prisoner, thanks to the possession of some funds, is enabled to live in a rather comfortable cell in one of the *salones de distincion*, the quarters that are reserved for captives who are able to pay fifty cents, in American money, per day. In each of these rooms are five or six cots, occupied by as many prisoners; better food is provided them than for non-paying prisoners, and these luckier ones are also entitled, in the day-time, to the use of a court running between the two rows of cells. In the same end of the jail building is the chapel, to which prisoners of distinction are granted the privilege of access.

"I must suffer for the sins of others, and, beyond doubt, be convicted under the laws of Spain, which are still in force in Cuba. I shall die in a tropical dungeon!" This is the plaintive protest of the accused man, who regards himself as another Dreyfus. When first arrested Neely promised that if he were prosecuted he would drag down with him others who stood higher than himself. His latest assertion is that the proofs of his innocence are to be found on file in the War Department, at Washington, unless the letters in question have been deliberately destroyed.

Had he desired to steal, Mr. Neely points out, his real chance would have occurred at the time when he came to the United States with \$900,000 in gold and \$300,000 in negotiable paper, all the property of the government. His connection with the Cuban postal service began at the time of the Spanish evacuation of Cuba, January 1st, 1899. Four months later special agents of the Post-office Department appeared in Mr. Neely's office in Havana and demanded his books and papers. After the inspection, according to the prisoner, he received a certification of the correctness of his accounts, accompanied by a letter of commendation.

Both the prosecution and defense of this remarkable case will be followed with greatest interest in the United States. There is more than a mere question of fraud at issue, for this country supplanted Spain in Cuba with the announced intention of supplying a fair and honest government for the Cubans. Director-General Rathbone, Neely's immediate superior, is also to stand trial in connection with this *cause celebre*.

Founding a New Commonwealth.

ONE of the last and most important official acts of the lamented Queen of England, whom all the world mourns to-day, was the transmission of a cordial and characteristic message of greeting to her loyal subjects gathered in the far distant city of Melbourne to witness the formal proclamation of the commonwealth of Australia. This event occurred on January 1st. It was well that Queen Victoria was spared to witness the consummation of the movement to create a new, great and powerful State in the Southern seas which should form another brilliant diadem in the many-starred crown of imperial England. An event of such happy and historic significance, it may well be believed, brought real joy and satisfaction to the heart of the noble woman in the closing days of her life, shadowed as they were by other events of sorrowful meaning. The scenes attending the proclamation of the new order in Melbourne itself were marked by a display of popular interest and enthusiasm such as had never been witnessed before in the antipodes. Multitudes of people were present from all parts of Australasia, and the streets of Melbourne were decorated with a profusion of bunting and ornamented with several magnificent arches. The inauguration of Lord Hopton, the first Governor-General, and the other officials of the commonwealth was conducted with all the dignity and impressiveness befitting an event of such far-reach-

ing importance. It was the beginning of a new and, it is confidently believed, a more glorious era in the history of the island continent.

The seat of government in the new commonwealth will be temporarily at Melbourne, and the Australian



THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT BUILDING AT MELBOURNE.

Parliament will in the meanwhile hold its sessions in the building shown in our illustration. The permanent seat of government is to be determined by the Federal Parliament, which will assemble in May. The capital is to comprise a territory of not less than one hundred square miles, and must be situated within the boundary of New South Wales, at a distance of not less than one hundred miles from Sydney. The component parts of the commonwealth, at present known as colonies, are in future to be designated as States, the six sisters being known as original States; but provision is made for the admission of other States by adhesion or subdivision.

The Federal legislative power is vested in a Parliament consisting of the King of England, a Senate, and a House of Representatives. The executive authority is to be exercised by the Governor-General, who is to re-

ceive a salary of \$50,000, and to avert the inconvenience or misfortune of absence or illness, he is empowered, under authority of the King, to appoint a deputy.

The Railroad that Runs Farthest North.

In a little while it will be possible for a traveler to make a flying trip in a Pullman all the way from New York to the foot of Hudson's Bay. The new railroad, which starts at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., and is to run as far as Moose Factory, on the southern shore of the bay, is now being built. Upwards of fifty miles of the road have been completed, and construction is going on at the rate of half a mile a day.

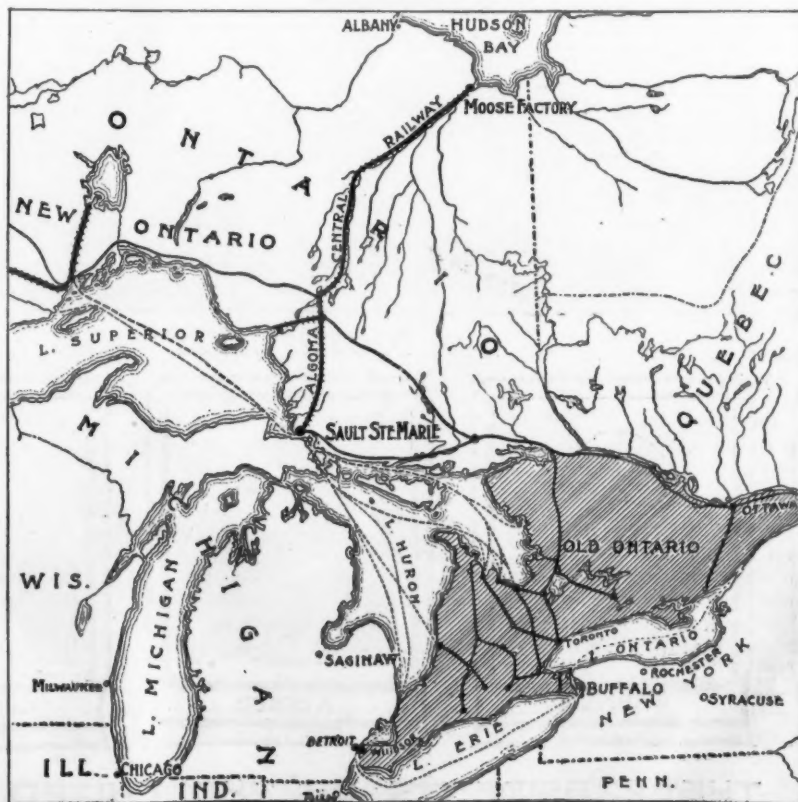
The whole length of the main line of the "Algoma Central Railway Company," as the new enterprise is called, will be about 350 miles. Solidity is the key-note of the construction scheme. Eighty-five-pound steel rails are being laid, on which enormous engines weighing 135 tons when equipped for business will run. Mineral wealth abounds in this section, including gypsum. Pine and spruce stand in great unbroken forests, and curly birch, which can be cut for forty cents a cord, brings forty dollars a thousand feet in the United States. Tamarac, maple, and poplar offer enormous fortunes to those who ship the logs or sawed wood to market, and the Ontario government has made large grants of land to the railway, at the head of which is Francis H. Clergue, the financial genius of Ontario. Though born in Bangor, Me., and educated for the legal profession, Mr. Clergue long ago saw the possibilities of the region in which he is now so heavily interested. The railroad, mining, lumber and other allied enterprises that he conducts in Ontario have a total capitalization of \$65,700,000.

In connection with the new railroad some of the greatest ore docks in the world are being built at Michipicoton, near Sault Ste. Marie. Not far from the former place is the most marvelous possession of Mr. Clergue and his associates on a mountain of red hematite containing from sixty to sixty-six per cent. of pure Bessemer iron ore. It is beyond the powers of the engineers in charge to approximately estimate the value of this mountain.

Of greatest interest, however, to the average American tourist will be the fact that the new railroad will give quick passage to one of the few remaining corners of the earth where large and small game abound and every stream is teeming with trout and other shy fresh-water fish. Hotels for travelers and tourists will be erected, the comfort of life with modern improvements supplanting the fine, even if cold, pleasure of exploration through wicker-nesses seldom trod.

Canada's Poultry Trade.

A LIVELY and profitable trade in poultry is growing up between Canada and England, thanks to the cold-storage system of transportation. Thus far, turkeys are the principal item of export. During the month before Christmas, this season, it was estimated that 300,000 Canadian turkeys were shipped to England. The reasons given for the popularity of the imported fowls are that they are much larger than the English breed, of finer quality, and cheaper. Large consignments of chickens, geese, and ducks were also sent from Canada this year, and the opinion prevails that the Canadian poultry trade with England will soon assume large dimensions. It is said that poultry-dealers in the United States may have their share in this business if they will put themselves in the way to get it.



ROUTE OF THE RAILWAY NOW BEING BUILT TO HUDSON'S BAY.



ADAMS



J.Q. ADAMS



POLK



FILLMORE



BUCHANAN



JOHNSON



HAYES



JEFFERSON



JACKSON



McKINLEY

Photograph by C. Parker.



GARFIELD



ARTHUR



CLEVELAND



WASHINGTON



VAN BUREN



MADISON



W.H. HARRISON



MONROE



TYLER



TAYLOR



PIERCE



LINCOLN



GRANT



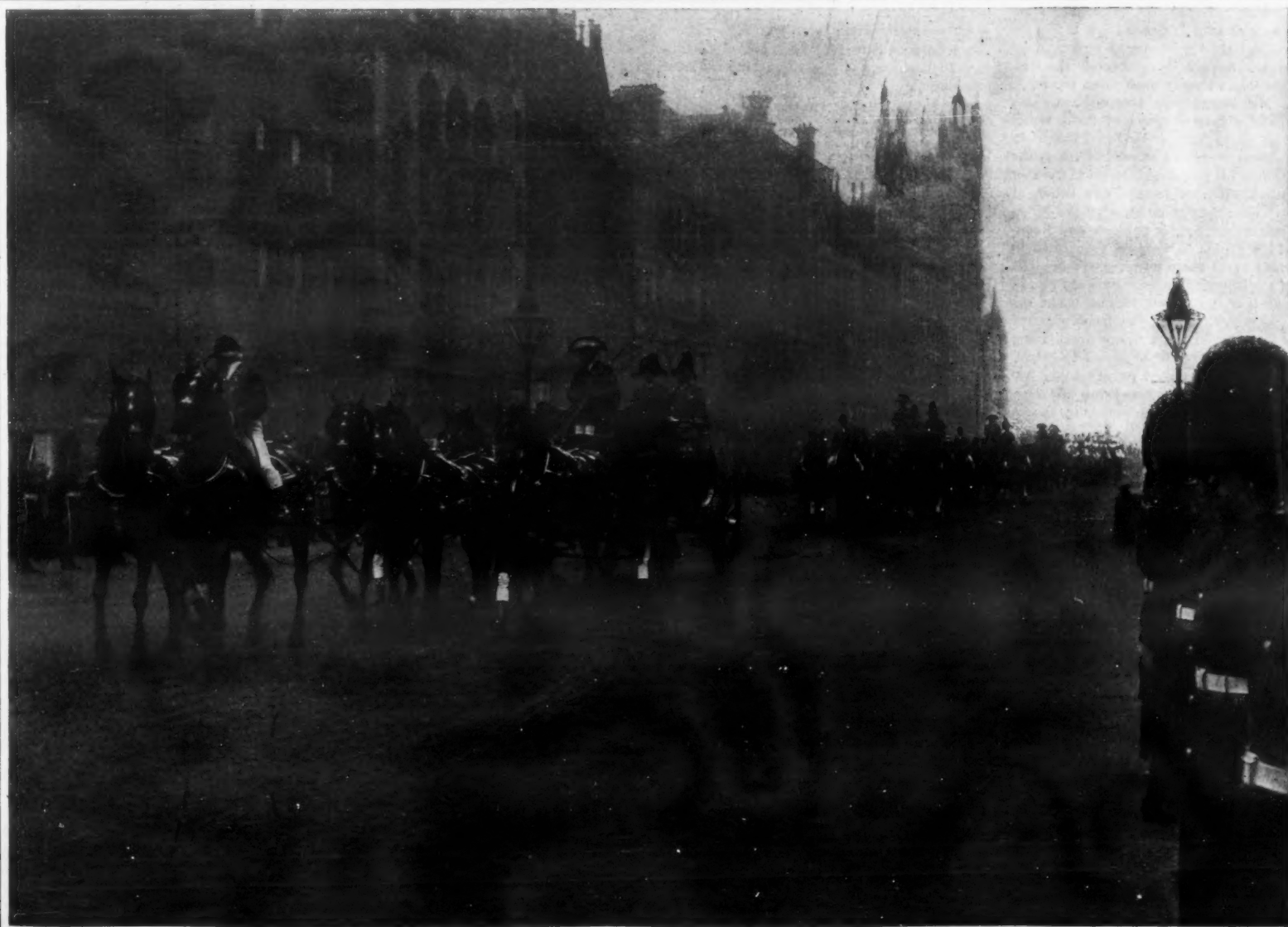
HARRISON

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY F. A. CARTER.



EDWARD VII. ON HIS WAY TO OPEN HIS FIRST PARLIAMENT, FEBRUARY 14TH, 1901—THE ROYAL COACH WAS DRAWN BY EIGHT FAMOUS CREAM-COLORED HANOVERIANS, WITH POSTILIONS IN RED AND GOLD LIVERIES AND FOOTMEN LEADING THE HORSES.



THE CAVALCADE RETURNING FROM WESTMINSTER, AFTER THE KING HAD OPENED PARLIAMENT FOR THE FIRST TIME—FIVE CARRIAGES OF STATE, CONTAINING UNIFORMED OFFICIALS AND LADIES OF THE HOUSEHOLD, EACH DRAWN BY SIX HORSES WITH POSTILIONS AND OUTRIDERS, LED THE PROCESSION.

ENGLAND'S NEW KING OPENS PARLIAMENT.

THE FIRST FORMAL APPEARANCE OF EDWARD VII. BEFORE THE LEGISLATIVE BRANCH OF THE GOVERNMENT.
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY REINHOLD THIELE & Co., LONDON.

HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

I WOULD not sacrifice my Steel and Wire or any other steel and iron stocks at this juncture. It would pay to wait a while and see what is to be the outcome of the new combination. The so called "billion-dollar steel combine" does not really mean the elimination of Federal Steel, American Steel and Wire, National Tube, National Steel, American Tin Plate, American Steel Hoop, and American Sheet Steel, but merely that their control and that of the Carnegie company are to be lodged in the hands of the United States Steel Corporation, backed by \$200,000,000, underwritten by prominent bankers. This corporation is to purchase a majority of the Carnegie stock and bonds, and also, if their stockholders elect to sell, it will purchase a majority or all of the common and preferred stocks of the seven steel and iron companies I have mentioned. Payment to Mr. Carnegie and to the owners of the stocks in all the other corporations will be made in the securities of the new corporation, the United States Steel Company. Out of the \$200,000,000 subscribed by the bankers the necessary new capital will be provided.

Mr. Morgan himself says that the proposed amalgamation "means nothing more than unification of existing security interests for the better protection and more harmonious operation of existing properties." Various legal and other obstacles stood in the way of a simple consolidation of the great steel and iron industries, and Mr. Morgan found the easiest way out by the organization of the United States Steel Corporation, backed by \$200,000,000 subscribed by banking and financial interests, with the understanding that this great company would undertake to secure control of a majority, if not all, of the bonds and shares of the Carnegie and the other companies mentioned. Mr. Morgan's statement—that Carnegie's threat to duplicate the mills of various makers of finished steel and iron products, unless their raw material was purchased from him, made it absolutely necessary to unify the great iron and steel concerns, to prevent a destructive war among them—reveals the serious danger that recently confronted the stock market. Mr. Morgan has enormous interests at stake, and a general smash of the iron and steel stocks would have endangered the prices of the railway securities as well. This is the explanation of his profound interest in the new combination. It also justifies the belief of prominent financiers that he, with the \$200,000,000 subscribed by his bankers and financiers, will continue to be just as earnest in endeavoring to maintain the prices of the iron and steel stocks under the new combination, in order to sustain the general market, as he has been to prevent a war in the iron industry. Bearing this fact in mind, many are looking for a still higher level of prices in the stock market, but my advice is to sell whenever you can do so without loss, and to await the inevitable turn of the tide which is coming nearer every day.

I do not say that the stocks of the United States Steel Corporation will not earn and pay dividends, but, great as this corporation is, it will have to meet competition at home and abroad, for it scarcely seems possible that it can absorb all of the iron and steel interests of the United States and make itself the potential factor in fixing iron and steel prices for all the world. The fact that Mr. Morgan's tremendous power had to be brought suddenly into play to save the market from a smash shows the danger that may at any time overshadow Wall Street. The most satisfactory outcome of the new combination, to my mind, is the elimination, apparently, of the ring of Western gamblers, who had secured control of some of the great iron and steel properties and were using it not for the benefit of the stockholders, but for purposes of speculation in Wall Street. Mr. Morgan's financing ought to mean straightforward, honest business management, and with business conditions ordinarily good, this should insure the payment of dividends on the shares of the new steel corporation, even if Congress interferes by reducing the iron and steel tariff rates.

The hysterical action of the stock market on the semi-official announcement of the terms of the gigantic steel combination, when steel and iron stocks rose and fell from five to ten points within an hour, furnishes the best proof of the widespread prevalence of the gambling spirit in Wall Street. This is what has sustained the market during its continuous rise of almost five months, at a time when conservative operators have shrunk from the Street. The great iron

and steel combination signifies, no doubt, that the promoters of it, who have also been the promoters of nearly all the combinations that have lifted railway stocks and bonds of late, have not finished their work. Their commission for putting this billion-dollar combination through is paid in the form of stocks and not in cash, and to get the latter they must sell their stocks. Realizing the perilous height to which the market has been driven, they may hasten to unload at the best possible prices and then let the market shift for itself. Everything depends upon how much of this unloading the market will stand without straining to the breaking-point. It may be necessary and it may be possible, if money continues easy, for the manipulators to sustain prices until they find a chance to get out with a satisfactory profit, but I still believe that for the most part quotations are altogether too high. New deals and combinations may advance the prices of a few bonds and stocks, but prosperous conditions have been well-nigh discounted, and prudent men should make a note of that fact. They should also remember the wise saying that, "In Wall Street there are operators and those who are operated upon."

One of the reasons why our most eminent financiers believe in an era of higher prices, especially for investment securities, is because we are now owing so little money abroad. That man of magnificent financial ability, who is as modest as he is able, Jacob H. Schiff, said to me the other day that foreign bond-holders returned our government bonds in large quantities around 1887, that next they sold back to us our railroad bonds, because they thought the latter were at a pretty high figure, and now they have been returning our railroad stocks. As a result, we are not sending away enormous sums of money to pay the interest due to foreign holders of our securities. The supply of stocks and bonds for investment has all been absorbed by us, and with our constantly increasing surplus new demands are being created. Mr. Schiff believed, while the present era of high prices might be followed ultimately by a decline of a serious nature, though he hardly anticipated such an eventuality this year, that when the next rise came it would carry securities to an even higher plane. Lower interest rates may be expected, because it is the tendency of the times both at home and abroad.

"B." Milton, Vt.: Not a permanent investment.

"T." Hazlewood, Penn.: The statement does not commend the coal stock to me.

"Subscriber," Baltimore: I do not believe in the bonds for investment. No stamp.

"H. A. E.," New York: I am not in favor of the purchase of the bonds for permanent investment.

"Daniel," Fomeroy, O.: I do not advise the purchase of the Water and Power Company's stock you mention. No stamp.

"J. M. C.," Boston, Mass.: I would sell and get out of the mining stocks. I do not believe that they have a brilliant future.

"A.," Milwaukee: If you can keep your margins good and have patience, you ought to cover without loss before the close of the year.

"E. J. M.," Chicago: Diamond Match has had a very successful career, and is a substantial and apparently well-managed industrial. American Ice preferred has merit.

"P.," Howard, E. I.: I am inclined to agree with you that you have "got scooped." I do not believe that the mining company's stock will ever prove of much value.

"D. H. J.," Cincinnati: The United Railway four of St. Louis, around 90, are a good bond, but I would prefer the Southern Pacific four at about the same price. No stamp.

"K. E. C.," Jersey: Kansas City Southern, Texas Pacific, and Wabash preferred are good speculative stocks to deal in on an active market, but I am not advising purchases at present. No stamp.

"R. E.," New York: The market is high for nearly everything on the list. (2) The preferred, by all means, I doubt if it will decline to any extent. (3) Yes, if you buy stocks prudently.

"F. A. S.," Brooklyn: The stock does not claim to represent the ownership of developed mines, it is purely a mining gamble. Leave it alone. (2) No rating. (3) It cannot be assessed, if it is non-assessable.

"M. S.," Altoona, Penn.: A safe bond. (2) The P. C. and St. Louis 4½s sell around 117. The Lake Shore 3½s sell at about 110. I prefer them to the Cincinnati Belt Line bond. Few quotations of the latter are given.

"J. H. E.," New York: I think your investments are pretty safe, though it might be advisable, if you have a profit in your Lead preferred, to sell a part of it and buy some of the other cheaper and promising industrial preferred stocks.

"H.," Pittsburg: We are nearer a bearish market. The majority of our best financiers think prices are getting altogether too high. (2) I cannot advise at present. (3) Watson & Gibson, 55 Broadway. (4) A twenty per cent. margin ought to be safe.

"W.," Providence, R. I.: I would keep my money in the savings-bank at present, if you can draw four per cent., and be prepared to buy good investment stocks at a much lower range of prices, which I have no doubt will come before the close of the year, perhaps much before that.

"J. S. C.," Cincinnati: You are wise not to trust your money to the managers of the so-called Investors' Fund. They are begging patronage everywhere throughout the country and making promises it will be utterly impossible to fulfill. The New York Sun recently printed a decidedly interesting article on C. E. Mackey & Son.

"H. A. H.," Philadelphia: E. H. Norton & Co., 33 Wall Street, or any other responsible broker, will advise you regarding the sale of London privileges. (2) He is regarded as a brilliant and at times successful but erratic speculator. (3) I think your plan is wise, but you may not realize your expectation within the period named. (4) Deal in privileges.

"A.," Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: Thanks for your compliment. Chicago Terminal common sold last year as low as 8½, and has had a considerable rise, though at one time it sold as high as 16. The preferred is

a better speculation. The Texas and Pacific Land trusts have doubled in value within a year. The improvement in Texas Pacific is a substantial one, and I regard the stock with favor if purchased on declines.

"E.," New York: You will find it difficult to secure any stocks or bonds as safe as a savings-bank, that will net you more than four per cent. Gilt-edged investments only pay from 3½ to four per cent. (2) Colorado Southern is a fair speculation, but I do not think it would be advisable to do much until the market is a little more settled. (3) I would prefer American Ice to Leather preferred.

"J. E. C.," Washington: Columbus and Hocking Coal and Iron common sold last year as low as 11½. You will observe that it has had a very substantial advance. Its capital is not extravagantly large, and if trade conditions continue good it should have a future. It has been so purely speculative in the past that I hesitate to advise its purchase. Your letter should have been addressed to "Jasper," and not to "Hermite."

"B.," Hannibal, Mo.: The small capitalization of National Salt, as compared with that of other industrial, and the fact that it is a commodity in increasing demand, whether times be good or bad, have given it a preference in the minds of many who are prejudiced against industrial. With honest and non-speculative management, it ought to be abundantly able to pay dividends on the preferred. The management has still to prove whether it stands on this high ground.

"H. E. W.," Chicago: I would hesitate to sell short any of the standard investment stocks, even though present prices are at an abnormal level, with the prospect that in lean crop and business years they may suffer a severe decline. Too much money is seeking investment to make the short side safe at present. (2) The new iron combination will put the steel and iron stocks to their severest test. No line of business suffers more severely in hard times than the iron trade. We are bound to have a set-back within a very few years, and I doubt, therefore, if the prices of iron and steel stocks, especially the common stocks, can be maintained.

"L.," Madison, Wis.: The proposed reduction in the authorized capital stock of the American Ice preferred by one-half, and the common shares by \$5,000,000, simply signifies the cancellation of stock in the treasury. This ought to be beneficial to the stock outstanding. (2) Strong opposition is developing to both the American and Continental Tobacco companies, but hope of substantial benefit from the new revenue-tax law has given both stocks unusual strength. (3) The conflicting interests in the American Smelting and Refining Company are bringing about a situation that may result in the building of opposition refineries. I do not advise the purchase of the stock. (4) Spencer Trask & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York, will mail you a price-list of excellent investment bonds.

"L.," Des Moines, Ia.: The report of National Lead of its earnings during last year showed only a nominal surplus after the dividend on the preferred had been paid. It shows also that the company has been borrowing a large amount of money, as its notes payable amount to nearly \$2,000,000. The president reports that its decreased earnings are due to a decreased amount of business, on account of high prices and the limited building done early in the year. (2) National Tube, Glucose Sugar, and American Sugar are all about to have open competition. That is one of the dangers which confront all the industrial and operate against their advancement. The railroads are much safer from the danger of competition.

"L.," Terre Haute, Ind.: The earnings of Central of Georgia are increasing rapidly. I had rather buy the third preferred income bonds of this road around 13, than any of the cheap common stocks at that price. The second preference incomes of the Central of Georgia, some believe, will begin to pay interest shortly, and around 28 they are a good speculative investment. (2) The earnings of National Lead indicate a considerable decline in its business. I do not advise the purchase of the common stock, and think the preferred is high enough. (3) I agree with you that the managers of the Pressed Steel Car Company should not have paid dividends on the common stock while they were incurring a floated indebtedness. It is understood that some of them unloaded a good deal of the common while they were advancing the price on statements that it was earning twice its dividends.

(Continued on page 235.)

How the Astors Became Rich.

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Leslie's Weekly.

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President Dryden recently said to his thousands of agents in the field: "The Prudential can find no standard of comparison and competition higher than that afforded by its own record of the past," and with this motto in view, his men intend making 1901 the best year in the Company's history.

Particulars of The Prudential's new policies can be obtained by writing to the Home Office of the Company at Newark, N. J.

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THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.



E. M. HOLLAND,



KATHERINE FLORENCE,



FRTZ WILLIAMS,

IN "THE LASH OF A WHIP," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

At the Lyceum, an evening of fun is boiled down into the new French farce, "The Lash of a Whip," its success largely depending upon the efforts of Fritz Williams, E. M. Holland, and Miss Katherine Florence. There is much that is droll and illogical in the farce, but it is ingenious and amusing, if not wholly original. The volubility of Fritz Williams and his appreciation of the humor of his part make him the most attractive feature of this new Lenten farce, which bids fair to have quite a run. The scenery by Unitt, as might be expected, is very pretty. The cast is small and includes, besides those I have already mentioned, Marie Derickson, May Lambert, Nellie Butler, and Maggie Holloway Fisher.

Pretty dresses, good setting, and a very earnest effort on the part of Mr. Sargent's pupils marked their presentation of Sydney Grundy's three-act play, "A Fool's Paradise," at the Empire, on February 26th, this being their sixth matinee performance of the present season. A pair of very youthful lovers, amusing alike in their hopes and despair, were the Hon. Tom Verinder (Thomas Messer) and Mildred Selwyn (Mildred Manners). Miss Manners is usually successful in the parts assigned to her. Henry Dugan's Sir Peter Lundy, the crotchety but whole-hearted M. D., was as good a piece of work as any that has been accomplished by the pupils this season. Julia Marie Taylor made a pretty Kate Derwent, and Susan Halpren, as Beatrice Selwyn, the wicked wife of the man who dwelt in a "fool's paradise," wore her handsome gowns very effectively. Hearn Collins, as the deluded and half-poisoned husband, Philip Selwyn, and Edmund Liston, as Lord Normantower, completed the principals of the cast. One setting, that of the boudoir (Acts 2 and 3), was particularly effective. One other play completed the programme: a one-act comedietta founded on the French of Eugene Scribe, by Sydney Grundy. In it a sorrowful widow (Grace Whitworth) and a mournful captain who has lost his betrothed (Cornelius Carrigan) alternately wept and danced together until the curtain fell upon their promise to join their sorrows.

The new play at the Knickerbocker, "To Have and to Hold," brings a talented American actress, Isabel Irving, and a popular English actor, Robert Lorraine, into new prominence. Both are popular favorites. Mr. Lorraine is remembered as the husband for a brief time of Julie Opp, formerly the leading lady at the Lyceum.



ISABEL IRVING AND ROBERT LORRAINE IN "TO HAVE AND TO HOLD," AT THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Under Daniel Frohman, who has met decided and deserved success in her theatrical career. Mr. Lorraine's father was a Shakespearean actor in England of excellent reputation. The son has a handsome presence, acts well, and is one of the matinee favorites of susceptible young ladies.

It is not very often that an entire family comprising a father, mother, daughter, and son are the stars in a regular stage production of their own, but the Four Cohans are such. They have been giving at the Savoy what they call "a musical comedy," "The Governor's Son," written by George Cohan, the youngest member of the family. It is more of a vaudeville show than a comedy. Plenty of graceful dancing and lively music and not a little clever acting gave it a very pleasant reception at its opening night.

The revival of "All on Account of Eliza," at Wal-

lack's, and the return of Clara Lipman and Louis Mann, in one of the most humorous of Leo Ditrichstein's farces, came with the opening of Lent, but that did not seem to interfere with its success. Miss Lipman is as vivacious as ever and Louis Mann is a quaint and enjoyable comedian.

One of the most enthusiastically received young women on the American stage to-day enjoys also the distinction of being the youngest leading lady under engagement to any important manager. Miss Maude Fealy is just seventeen, yet she is playing, and with wonderful success, the part of Alice Faulkner in William Gillette's presentation of "Sherlock Holmes." She is of that sweet, graceful, unaffected type of American girlhood that artists love to paint. Miss Fealy's stage career began at the age of two years. She continued to appear in children's parts until she had reached the age of eleven, and then attended school in Denver for three winters, playing in stock companies in the summer. Her first really important rôle was that of Suzanne, Maude Adams's famous creation in "The Masked Ball." Last season Miss Fealy made a



MISS MAUDE FEALY.

long step forward by scoring a triumph as Eunice in "Quo Vadis." She is the daughter of Margaret Fealy, herself a very successful actress, who has given up her stage career that she may be with her daughter. Their home is in Memphis.

For the countless thousands of play-seers who are bound to miss the rotund, jolly face and merry jests of Roland Reed, there is one consolation. His name and undoubtedly his fame will be kept alive by his bright, clever, and pretty daughter, Florence Reed, who recently made her debut in vaudeville at Proctor's. Though without previous stage experience, Miss Reed made a "hit" in a monologue, and that despite the fact that the work of its author, Sydney Rosenfeld, was by no means up to his standard. Miss Reed, who is barely twenty-one, possesses a grace, charm, and stage savoir-faire, which, allied with delicious quaintness, assure her success in her inherited career. Roland Reed is so ill that it is doubtful if theatre patrons will ever see him again. Miss Reed's debut on the boards was due to her sense of filial duty. She has taken to the stage that she may provide every comfort for her father during his last few months or years—a fact that will all the more guarantee her an opportunity to prove the value of her talents.

As pretty a thing as David Belasco ever prepared for the stage is "Madame Butterfly," in which Blanche Bates made such a marked success at the Herald Square. It is not surprising that it has been one of the most acceptable attractions at Proctor's Fifth Avenue theatre, where a vaudeville programme of the choicest is always to be found.



FLORENCE REED.

JASON.

Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from page 234.)

"F." Rockaway, N. J.: Mexican second incomes are purely a speculative bond. Nobody regards them as an investment.
"Ignoramus," New York: The larger the capital the easier to operate. A few thousand much better than a few hundred. No stamp.
"P." Okolona, Miss.: I think well of American Ice common and preferred. (2) The Colorado and Southern fours at 85 are not dear. (3) Too much of a gamble. (4) Not at present. (5) Do not deal in cotton. (6) Unfavorable. (7) American Linsced is purely speculative. Its friends believe it will advance. National Salt preferred is a fair industrial investment.
"Clerk," Kansas City, Mo.: The manner in which St. Paul, New York Central, Delaware and Hudson, and other investment stocks can be rapidly marked up on limited sales, reveals the danger of shorting any of the investment securities. (2) I said at the opening of the year that our exports of merchandise had reached the high-water mark last year. I still believe that that statement was justified. (3) The severe decline in the price of wool is not calculated to help the American Woolen Company. I would sell my stock, especially if I had a profit.
"R." Belleville, Ill.: No possible danger if you are dealing with a reputable broker. Such a claim would be preposterous. Your books and his books would prove that you were right. (2) Stocks are depressed by bear operators, by the circulation of injurious statements, followed by large sales, to make innocent holders uneasy and dispose them to close out their stocks. (3) Puts and calls are privileges which brokers sell, entitling you to put or call certain stocks at a certain time at a specified figure. (4) The daily papers, in their financial columns, usually correctly report railway earnings. (5) Among the stocks you name, Chicago Great Western and Wheeling and Lake Erie are the best, but I regard the Central of Georgia third preferred income bonds with greater favor.
NEW YORK, February 23rd, 1901.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

I HAVE often remarked that as the ages of the members of the fraternal orders increase it becomes compulsory on these orders to advance assessments in order to meet the increased losses caused by the increased death rate. It is significant that, as the average membership age of such associations increases, the memberships drop off. A recent table of statistics regarding the fraternal orders, bearing on the year 1899, showed that in six of them, in which the average age of the members was forty-two years or over, there had been a very substantial decline in the membership. These six are the Order of Pilgrim Fathers, Order of Golden Cross, the Home Circle, Catholic Knights of America, Royal Templar of Temperance, and Knights and Ladies of Honor. The average age of the Order of Chosen Friends, just before its failure, was nearly thirty-nine years, and the chief executive of the order has publicly stated that the trouble in the plan of the Chosen Friends was that, in the beginning, no surplus or emergency funds were provided for. An old-age disability, to be paid when members reached the age of seventy-five, was promised, but no provision was made to meet it, and, the chief executive adds, "as the average age increased, the deaths became more numerous than at first." The fate of the Order of Chosen Friends will be the fate of every fraternal order that does not provide surplus or emergency funds, but these orders have been built up on the argument that little or no necessity exists for providing such funds, and that, because the old-line companies "load" their premiums to establish and maintain large surplus funds, the latter have to charge higher rates for insurance than the fraternal orders. The fact is overlooked that the surplus funds belong to the policy-holders, and that while insurance in a fraternal order constantly increases in cost, without any corresponding return to the insured, a policy in an old-line company becomes more valuable to the holder with each recurring year.

"G." Atlanta, Ga.: Will inquire.
"S." North Branch, Minn.: I decidedly prefer the Etna.
"V." Dayton, O.: The report of the Provident Savings indicates that it is prosperous and thriving. I regard it as entirely safe.
"L." Dover, Del.: Either of the companies you name will give you a first-rate policy. (2) Your insurance in the Prudential is entirely safe.
"T." Churchville, N. Y.: The National Protective Legion is a fraternal assessment association, organized in 1890. (2) No better than any other. (3) No. (4) Little choice between them. (5) I know of none.
"L." Philadelphia: The last statement of the Mutual Life shows that it has assets of nearly \$325,000,000 and insurance and annuities in force of over \$1,441,000,000. (2) The last report of the Equitable showed a decrease in the expenses of 1900, as compared with the preceding year, of over \$138,000, although in 1900 a much greater amount of business was written than in 1899.
"G. P." Mobile: The statement of the agent of the New York Life was correct. The premiums on new policies paid for during last year was considerably over \$10,000,000. (2) The Mutual Life, the Equitable, the New York Life, the Prudential, or any of the other strong, old-line companies, will give you an acceptable policy and meet the special requirements of your case.
"Query," New Orleans: The courts have decided that the memorandum on the back of the policy, giving the table of rates as the basis of assessments, is not a contract that the assessment will not exceed those given in the table. This was decided in a case against the Mutual Reserve. (2) The Massachusetts Mutual, of Springfield, is one of the oldest of the old-line companies. It has entered upon the fiftieth year of successful work.
"M. F." Philadelphia: Your policy in the Home Life was its contract with you. I have frequently said that an agent's statement must not be accepted unless it has in writing the indorsement of the company. If the agent took advantage and deceived you, as you say he did, you cannot hold the company responsible. That is obvious. Of course all insurance companies should have, and I think most of them endeavor to have, honest agents, but it is impossible in every case to do this. The premium rate you pay is fully as large as would be charged by any of the strongest old-line companies. My own preference would have been a policy in one of the largest and strongest companies I could find.
"Assessment," Chicago: The suit against the Independent Order of Foresters by a New York physician. Some of the allegations in his complaint are to the effect that the order has sunk over \$700,000 in a wild real-estate speculation, that it has paid extravagant salaries, and made munificent gifts to some of its officials. The latter are charged with illegally discriminating against the 15,000 members of the order in New York State. The complaint also alleges that outstanding and unpaid death and disability claims against the order amount to over \$300,000, and that its expensive management is greater than that of many of the old-line companies. Affidavits deny all these allegations and assert that the order has over 167,000 members and a surplus of \$4,000,000 invested in Canada.

The Hermit.

The Largest Fertilizer Centre.

A LETTER from Vice-President George B. Edwards, of the Charleston, S. C., Chamber of Commerce, referring to the interesting contribution to LESLIE'S WEEKLY by Professor E. D. Jones, on the largest industries in the United States, says that Charleston should have been recorded as the largest commercial fertilizer manufacturing centre in the country, as its annual output is about 450,000 tons, an amount not equaled in this country or anywhere in the world. We are glad to make this statement and to add that no State in the Union is showing greater prosperity in all directions than South Carolina.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.



A HINT TO MRS. NATION.

MR. WATERS (indignantly)—“The very idea of having a saloon and a church so near together!”
CASEY—“Yez be roight; but aven wid all me infloence Oi can't get thim to move thot church.”

March Dreams.

MARCH makes me think that creation is ill,
With something real dreadful the matter—
First the high fever and then the damp chill,
When the teeth of the universe chatter.

The winds in their wailing are all out of tune
And death seems to be on a frolic.
We dream the big dipper is changed to a spoon
For holding a syrup corked up in the moon
And treating the earth for the colic.

And then, as the howling becomes more intense—
O'Rion the surgeon can't cheat us—
To be in the swim at whatever expense
Old Nature has swallowed a rail from the fence
And groans with the appendicitis.

A Mix-up in Kentucky.

It was in a railway-car in Kentucky. The train was standing on a siding, waiting for another train to pass. Only one seat contained more than a single occupant. Next to the window of that seat sat one with an indefinable but unmistakable air of being from above Mason and Dixon's Line and a college professor. His seat-mate was plainly a farmer and a Kentuckian. Suddenly the professor exclaimed:

“Just look at that red calf jump! Did you ever see a calf jump so high?”

“Which?” said the farmer, frowning himself from a reverie and looking stolidly at the professor.

“The red one. The red one with a white star on his forehead.”

“Which?” repeated the farmer, with a bewildered stare.

“Why, the red one. The one on the right of the oak-tree, there.”

“That red calf? Talkin' about him? Well, he's—” but the farmer's last words were lost as he turned his head and expectorated a stream of tobacco-juice simultaneously with the utterance.

“What?” said the professor.

“What? Why, that there calf you was talkin' about. There, one of 'em kicked t'other.”

“Which?” said the professor, turning his eyes back to the window.

“I said one of 'em kicked t'other.”

“I know it and I asked which.”

“If you knew it, what in thunder did you ask ‘Which?’ for?”

“Because I wished to find out.”

“But you knew, so you said, still you said ‘Which?’”

“I know you said one kicked another, but I didn't see him do it, so I asked which.”

“Pardner, I don't understand this. You knew the whole blamed business, and still you said ‘Which?’ Why does your not seein' it yourself make you want to have me repeat it all?”

“What?” said the professor, bewildered.

“What what?” said the farmer, equally bewildered.

“What calf, or what what?”

“I said which calf—”

“Excuse me, gentlemen,” said a man across the aisle, “but let me interrupt you before you get tangled any worse. In the North when you don't understand another man, you say, ‘What?’ In the South a good many people use that other interrogative pronoun, ‘which.’ When the Kentucky gentleman said ‘which’ he meant ‘what’—”

“No, I didn't. I meant ‘which.’”

—And when this Northern gentleman said ‘what’

he did not use the pronoun as an alternative, meaning ‘what calf?’ as the Kentucky gentleman understood him, but as an interrogative purely.”

“Oh, ‘which’ means ‘what’ down here, does it?” said the professor, a light breaking over his face.

“Hardly that,” said the Kentuckian. “It just means ‘which.’ But you all up North say ‘what’ when you mean ‘which.’ Funny, ain't it?”

“It's a survival of Elizabethan English. Of the two, I certainly prefer ‘what.’ The other is purely an archaism, an archaism.”

“Which?” said the farmer.

“What?” said the professor. Just then the train started.

W. A. CURTIS.

It Might Be Worse.

THOUGH some look down on pawnbrokers
And quite despise the creatures,
We must confess
Their business
Has its redeeming features.

Beneath His Dignity.

“JOE JEFFERSON doesn't resort to any such advertising dodge as having his diamonds stolen.”

“No. He's afraid the papers might refer to it as Jeffersonian simplicity.”

A Sad Old Truth.

Mrs. S.—“Say, Moll, did yer hear ‘Liza Ann's got a hull new soot o' hair-cloth furnitoor?”

Mrs. Moll—“Laws, naw! How'd she git it?”

Mrs. S.—“Say! An' thet ain't the wust of it. She's got a reg'lar noo store bunnit.”

Mrs. Moll—“Wa-al, now! What I'd like to know is, how'd she git 'em?”

Mrs. S.—“How sh'd I know? All I got to say is, Them thet has gits.”

His Trouble.

OF ev'ry form of art she's fond;
She's fond of bric-a-brac and lace,
‘Twixt her and painting there's a bond
That nothing ever can displace.

She's fond of music and she sings,
She's very fond of poetry;
‘Tis strange that, fond of all good things,
In no way is she fond of me!

Forgot His Card.

IN Chicago an Irishman was given a position as guard on the elevated (“through infloence”). As he had difficulty in remembering the street-names his patron wrote them down in order on a card, and for two days he called them all right. The third day, however, he forgot his card, and, attempting to call them from memory, succeeded very well until he reached Centre Avenue, when he opened the car-door and shouted:

“All av yez must git out here. Oi've fergot me car-rd.”

No Evidence.

“I UNDERSTAND that the deceased was a man of very nervous disposition and given to petulance,” said the old lady to the undertaker.

“I didn't notice it, ma'am,” replied the undertaker. “I've been busy with him for the past forty-eight hours and he showed no signs of petulance—but then, most corpses are quiet.”

Heraldic Ornithology versus History.

She—“Don't you think with me that heraldry has its use?”

He—“Yes. For instance, your crest, you say, dates from the ninth century?”

She—“Yes.”

He—“And it's a turkey's head issuing from a ducal coronet?”

She—“Yes.”

He—“Well, that shows that the discovery of America by Columbus was a chestnut.”

Same Thing.

“Look here! did you say I was a liar?” demanded the angry man.

“Calm yourself, sir. What I said was that you had mistaken your vocation. You ought to have been a diplomat.”

The Novelist Getting Out of a Dilemma.

CHAPTER I.

He was eaten up by a burning ambition to write. He cherished this ambition for years, and it put new animation and hope into his life.

At length, after many struggles with adverse circumstances, he found himself in a position where it was possible for him to write.

CHAPTER II.

Then he suddenly discovered that he had nothing to write about.

CHAPTER III.

Then he brooded for the space of three years in melancholy seclusion. He ate his great heart alone. He mourned and would not be comforted.

CHAPTER IV.

Then a sudden inspiration came to him. “Eureka!” he cried. “It isn't necessary to have anything to write about. I will write a modern society novel.”

The Bride's Tragedy.

THE bride of a brief month crouched in a corner of a divan—crouched amongst her gorgeous pillows, while the bitter tears streamed down and stained the delicate fabrics. This was the end of her young ambitions, her brave efforts to make life one grand, sweet song. As she uttered one last sigh of despair her mother entered the room and flew to the divan, casting her arms about her prostrated child.

“My darling girl, what is it?” she cried. “Confide in your mother. What is it that thus wrings your heart?”

“N-nothing, ma; n-nothing. B-but it is all over.”

“What is all over?” questioned the mother in affright. “Has your husband abused you?”

“No, ma,” said the bride, raising herself upon her elbow and speaking with tragic emphasis. “You remember what my ambition has been for months? W-well—sobbing—I cut both bloomers for one leg, and it was a remnant and I can't match it anywhere.”

“My child,” said her mother solemnly, “your trouble is indeed too great to bear.”

Foot-ball Wit.

Ribbon-counter—“Miss Dumbelle made a weal joke to-day.”

Spool-silk—“What was that?”

Ribbon-counter—“Why, you know she is a gweat admiaweh of foot-ball playahs; so when she got seventy-five cents' worth of ribbon and received her change of a dollar, she exclaimed, ‘Thank heaven, me dweam is wealized! I have a quarter back.’”

An Old Bore.

ONCE when Japheth was a very old man it rained for several days in succession and people began to speak of the remarkable weather.

“Oh, dear me!” said Japheth, “this is nothing to the downpour when I was young—when Shem, Ham, and I went into papa's ark. That—”

But he stopped. There was none to listen. People always began to move off when Japheth began to speak of the Flood.

Not on the Tip.

ALTHOUGH the modern woman loves to imitate a man in appearance and behavior and in every way she can, She appropriates his styles of dress, his manners and all that,

But she doesn't tip the waiters, and she doesn't tip her hat.

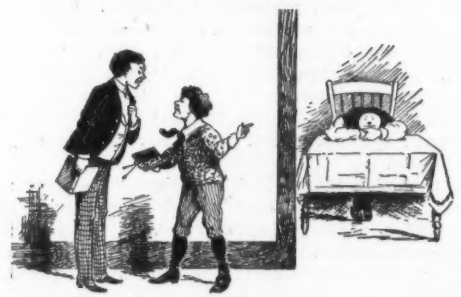
The Peril of the Hour.

Jenkins—“Great Scott! there comes Jones. Let's turn down this corner.”

Jorkyns—“Why, do you owe him so much as that?”

Jenkins—“No; but he's just bought a house in Brooklyn, and I'm afraid he'll ask me over there to dinner.”

HIS WAKING WAS INOPPORTUNE.



“Willie, go in the other room and look at Uncle Bob's bald head; he's sound asleep. I painted a face on it. You never saw anything like it.”



WILLIE (who has seen the same trick before)—“Why, that's an old chestnut.”



UNCLE BOB—“Next time yer call me an old chestnut yer want ter be sure I'm sound asleep. Do yer hear me?”

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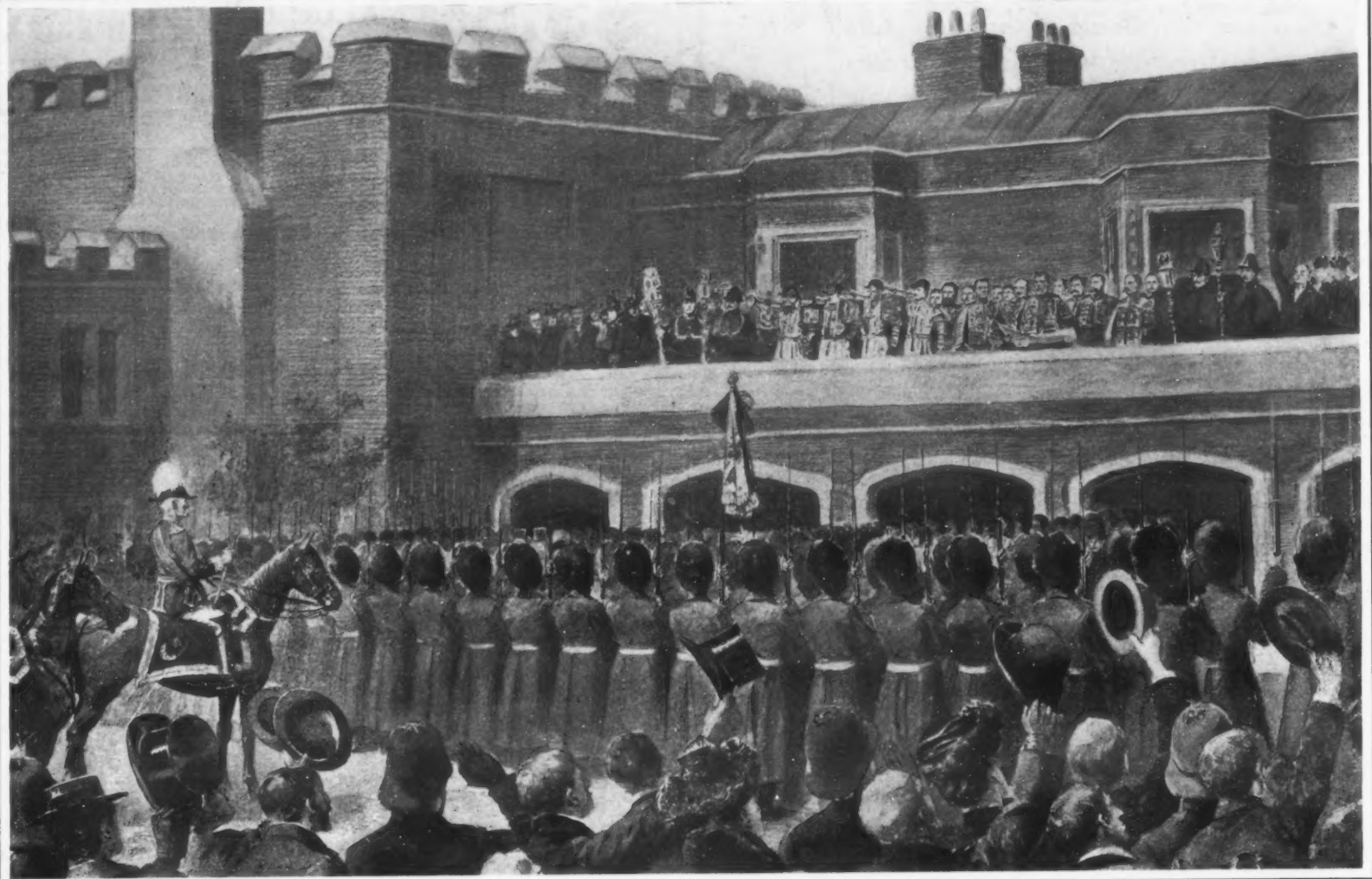
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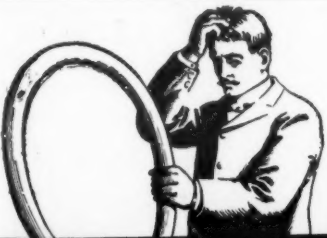
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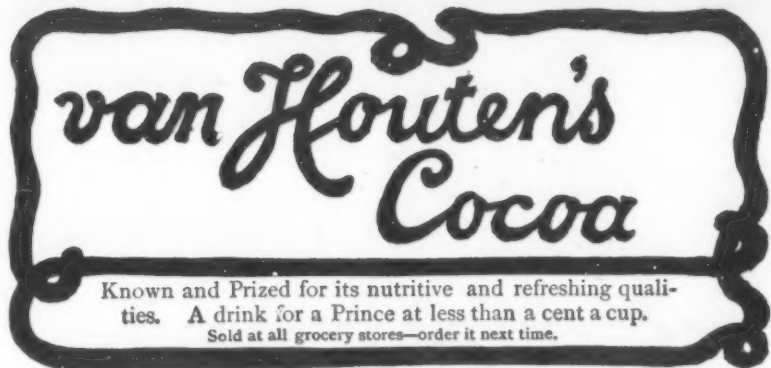


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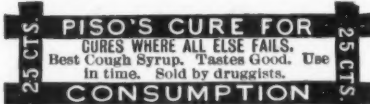
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